THE WORKS OF Dr. EDWARD YOUNG.

VOL. IV.

W O R K S

THE

WORKS

OF THE REVEREND

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG.

IN

SIX VOLUMES.

Carefully Compared and Corrected by the Author's Edition.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

LONDON:
Printed for JOHN DONALDSON, corner of Arundel Street in the Strand.

M.DCC.LXXIV.

WORKS

OF THE LATE

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

IN

SIX VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN DONALDSON, (late)
in Fleet-street, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXIV.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the EIGHTH.

VIRTUE's APOLOGY:

OR,

The MAN of the WORLD answered.

In which are considered,

THE LOVE OF THIS LIFE;

THE

AMBITION AND PLEASURE,

WITH THE

WIT AND WISDOM, OF THE WORLD.

NIGHT the EIGHTH.

AND has all nature, then, eſpous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heav'n, and earth, to plead againſt thee?
And is thy ſoul immortal?—What remains?
All, all, Lorenzo!——make immortal, bleſt.
Unbleſt immortals!—what can ſhock us more?
And yet Lorenzo ſtill affects the world;
There, ſtows his treaſure; thence his title draws,
Man of the world: (for ſuch wouldſt thou be call'd:)
And art thou proud of that inglorious ſtyle?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it was,
In ancient days; and CHRISTIAN,——in an age
When men were men, and not aſham'd of Heav'n,
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Caſtalian font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer ſpirit, and a nobler name.
Thy fond attachments, fatal, and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my ſong:
To thee the world how fair! how ſtrongly ſtrikes
Ambition! and gay pleaſure ſtronger ſtill!
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt, that lays
Thy virtue dead! be theſe my triple theme;
Nor ſhall thy wit, or wiſdom, be forgot.
Common the theme: not ſo the ſong; if ſhe
My ſong invokes, URANIA, deigns to ſmile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If ſhe diſſolves, the man of earth at once
Starts from his trance, and ſighs for other ſcenes;
Scenes, where theſe ſparks of night, the ſtars, ſhall
Unnumber'd ſuns (for all things as they are [ſhine
The bleſt behold;) and, in one glory, pour
Their blended blaze on man's aſtoniſh'd ſight;

A blaze,—the leaſt illuſtrious object there.
Lorenzo! ſince eternal is at hand,
To ſwallow Time's ambitions; as the vaſt
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
High on the foaming billow; what avail
High titles, high deſcent, attainments high,
If unattain'd our higheſt? O Lorenzo!
What lofty thoughts, theſe elements above,
What tow'ring hopes, what ſallies from the ſun,
What grand ſurveys of deſtiny divine,
And pompous preſage of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in boſoms, where a ſpirit burns
Bound for eternity! in boſoms read
By Him, who foibles in archangels ſees!
On human hearts He bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in Heav'n's regiſter enrolls,
The riſe, and progreſs, of each option there;
Sacred to doomſday! That the page unfolds,
And ſpreads us to the gaze of gods and men.
And what an option, O Lorenzo! thine?
This world! and this unrival'd by the ſkies!
A world, where luſt of pleaſure, grandeur, gold,
Three demons that divide its realm between them,
With ſtrokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's reſtleſs heart, their ſport, their flying ball,
Till with the giddy circle ſick and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into deſpair.
Such is the world Lorenzo ſets above
That glorious promiſe angels were eſteem'd
Too mean to bring; a promiſe, their Ador'd
Deſcended to communicate, and preſs,
By counſel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wiſdom wooes,
And on its thorny pillow ſeeks repoſe;
A pillow which, like opiates ill prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not compoſes; fills
The viſionary mind with gay chimeras,
All the wild traſh of ſleep, without the reſt;

What unfeign'd travel, and what dreams of joy!
How frail, men, things! how momentary, both!
Fantaſtic chace, of ſhadows hunting ſhades!
The gay, the buſy, equal, tho' unlike;
Equal in wiſdom, differently wiſe!
Thro' flow'ry meadows, and thro' dreary waſtes,
One buſtling, and one dancing, into death.
There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
Betrays ſome ſecret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him ſick of ſeeing more.
The ſcenes of buſineſs tell us—"what are men;"
The ſcenes of pleaſure—"what is all beſide:"
There, others we deſpiſe; and here, ourſelves.
Amid diſguſt eternal, dwells delight?
'Tis approbation ſtrikes the ſtring of joy.
What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and choaks us with the duſt,
On life's gay ſtage, one inch above the grave?
The proud run up and down in queſt of eyes;
The ſenſual in purſuit of ſomething worſe;
The grave, of gold; the politic, of pow'r;
And all, of other butterflies, as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in;
On the ſwift circle of returning toys,
Whirld, ſtraw-like, round and round, and then in-
Where gay deluſion darkens to deſpair, [gulph'd!
"This is a beaten track."—Is this a track
Should not be beaten? Never beat enough,
Till enough learnt the truths it would inſpire.
Shall truth be ſilent, becauſe folly frowns?
Turn the world's hiſtory; what find we there,
But Fortune's ſports, or Nature's cruel claims,
Or woman's artifice, or man's revenge,
And endleſs inhumanities on man?
Fame's trumpet ſeldom ſounds, but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
Man's miſadventures round the liſt'ning world!

Man is the tale of narrative old Time;
Sad tale! which high as Paradiſe begins;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From ſtage to ſtage, in his eternal round,
The days, his daughters, as they ſpin out hours
One Fortune's wheel, where accident unthought
Oft, in a moment, ſnaps life's ſtrongeſt thread,
Each in her turn ſome tragic ſtory tells,
With now and then a wretched farce between;
And fills his chronicle with human woes.
Time's daughters, true as thoſe of men, deceive us;
Not one, but puts ſome cheat on all mankind;
While in their father's boſom, not yet ours,
They flatter our fond hopes; and promiſe much
Of amiable; but hold him not o'erwiſe,
Who dares to truſt them; and laugh round the year,
At ſtill confiding, ſtill confounded, man,
Confiding, tho' confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever-looking for the never-ſeen.
Life to the laſt, like harden'd felons, lies;
Nor owns itſelf a cheat, till it expires.
Its little joys go out by one and one,
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night;
Night darker than what now involves the pole.
O THOU, who doſt permit theſe ills to fall,
For gracious ends, and wouldſt that man ſhould mourn!
O THOU, whoſe hands this goodly fabric fram'd,
Who know'ſt it beſt, and wouldſt that man ſhould know!
What is this ſublunary world? a vapour;
A vapour all it holds; itſelf A vapour,
From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to ſwim his deſtin'd hour
In ambient air, then melt and diſappear.
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
As mortal, tho' leſs tranſient than her ſons:
Yet they doat on her, as the world and they

Were both eternal, ſolid; THOU, a dream.
They doat, on what? Immortal views apart,
A region of outſides! a land of ſhadows!
A fruitful field of ſlow'ry promiſes!
A wilderneſs of joys! perplex'd with doubts,
And ſharp with thorns! a troubled ocean, ſpread
With bold adventurers, their all on board;
No ſecond hope, if here their fortune frowns:
Frown ſoon it muſt. Of various rates they ſail,
Of enſigns various; all alike in this,
All reſtleſs, anxious; toſt with hopes, and fears,
In anxious ſkies; obnoxious all to ſtorm;
And ſtormy the moſt gen'ral blaſt of life;
All bound for happineſs; yet few provide
The chart of knowledge, pointing where it lyes;
Or Virtue's helm, to ſhape the courſe deſign'd:
All, more or leſs, capricious fate lament,
Now lifted by the tide, and now reſorb'd,
And farther from their wiſhes than before:
All, more or leſs, againſt each other daſh,
To mutual hurt, by guſts of paſſion driven,
And ſuff'ring more from folly than from fate.
Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where moſt he domineers,
With all his choſen terrors frowning round,
(Tho' lately feaſted high at * Albion's coſt)
Wide-op'ning, and loud roaring ſtill for more!
Too faithful mirror, how doſt thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The ſtrong reſemblance tempts me farther ſtill:
And, haply, Britain may be deeper ſtruck
By moral truth, in ſuch a mirror ſeen,
Which Nature holds for ever at her eye.
Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When young, with ſanguine cheer, and ſtreamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and ſtar our friend;

* Admiral Balchen, &c.

All, in ſome darling enterprize embark'd:
But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artleſs hands,
Ruin's ſure perquiſite! her lawful prize!
Some ſteer aright; but the black blaſt blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,
Full againſt wind, and tide, ſome win their way;
And when ſtrong effort has deſerv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won, 'tis loſt!
Tho' ſtrong their oar, ſtill ſtronger is their fate;
They ſtrike; and while they triumph, they expire.
In ſtreſs of weather, moſt; ſome ſink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows cloſe;
To-morrow knows not they were born.
Others a ſhort memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the barque's ingulph'd:
It floats a moment, and is ſeen no more:
One Cæſar lives; a thouſand are forgot.
How few, beneath auſpicious planets born,
(Darlings of Providence! fond Fate's elect!)
With ſwelling ſails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wiſhes freighted! Yet even theſe,
Freighted with all their wiſhes, ſoon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They ſtill are men; and when is man ſecure?
As fatal time, as ſtorm! the ruſh of years
Beats down their ſtrength; their numberleſs eſcapes
In ruin end: and, now, their proud ſucceſs
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, juſt made their own,
Their neſt ſo deeply down'd, and built ſo high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the ſtars.
Wo then apart, (if wo apart can be
From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,
The gay, rich, great, triumphant, and auguſt!
What are they?—The moſt happy (ſtrange to ſay!)
Convince me moſt of human miſery:
What are they? ſmiling wretches of to-morrow!

More wretched, then, than e'er their ſlave can be:
Their treach'rous bleſſings, at the day of need,
Like other faithleſs friends, unmaſk, and ſting:
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
What aggravated impotence in pow'r!
High titles, then, what inſult on their pain!
If that ſole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope! defies not the rude ſtorm,
Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.
Is this a ſketch of what thy ſoul admires?
" But here (thou ſay'ſt) the miſeries of life
" Are huddled in a group. A more diſtinct
" Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news.
Look on life's ſtages: they ſpeak plainer ſtill;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou ſigh.
Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
The beſt that can befal the beſt on earth;
The boy has virtue by his mother's ſide:
Yes, on Florello look; a father's heart
Is tender, tho' the man's is made of ſtone;
The truth, through ſuch a medium ſeen, may make
Impreſſion deep, and fondneſs prove thy friend.
Florello lately caſt on this rude coaſt
A helpleſs infant; now a heedleſs child;
To poor Clariſſa's throes thy care ſucceeds;
Care full of love, and yet ſevere as hate!
O'er thy ſoul's joy how oft thy fondneſs frowns!
Needful auſterities his will reſtrain;
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his reaſon cannot go alone;
But aſks a ſterner nurſe to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrify'd;
The bluſh of morning, in his cheek, turns pale:
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;
His harmleſs eye! and drowns an angel there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? the taſk
Enjoin'd, muſt diſcipline his early pow'rs;

He learns to ſigh, ere he has known to ſin;
Guiltleſs, and ſad! a wretch before the fall!
How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.
Our nature ſuch, with neceſſary pains
We purchaſe proſpects of precarious peace:
Tho' not a father, this might ſteal a ſigh.
Suppoſe him diſciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill ſink our poor account to poorer ſtill:)
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps incloſure, bounds into the world;
The world is taken, after ten years toil,
Like ancient Troy; and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world's a tutor more ſevere;
Its leſſons hard, and ill deſerve his pains;
Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates) inſpir'd.
For who receives him into public life?
Men of the World, the terræ-filial breed,
Welcome the modeſt ſtranger to their ſphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at diſtance, in his ſight)
And, in their hoſpitable arms, incloſe:
Men, who think nought ſo ſtrong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:
Men that act up to Reaſon's golden rule,
All weakneſs of affection quite ſubdued:
Men that would bluſh at being thought ſincere,
And feign, for glory, the few faults they want;
That love a lie, where truth would pay as well;
As if, to them, Vice ſhone her own reward.
Lorenzo! canſt thou bear a ſhocking ſight?
Such, for Florello's ſake, 'twill now appear:
See the ſteel'd files of ſeaſon'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burniſh'd falſehood bright;
Deep in the fatal ſtratagems of peace;
All ſoft ſenſation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
All their keen purpoſe in politeneſs ſheath'd:
His friends eternal—during intereſt;
His foes implacable—when worth their while;

At war with ev'ry welfare, but their own;
As wiſe as Lucifer, and half as good;
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain——
Naked, through theſe (ſo common fate ordains)
Naked of heart, his cruel courſe he runs,
Stung out of all moſt amiable in life,
Prompt truth, and open thought, and ſmiles unfeign'd;
Affections, as his ſpecies, wide diffus'd;
Noble preſumptions to mankind's renown;
Ingenuous truſt, and confidence of love.
  Theſe claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will coſt him many a ſigh; till time, and pains,
From the ſlow miſtreſs of this ſchool, Experience,
And her aſſiſtant, pauſing, pale Diſtruſt,
Purchaſe a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
Through ſerpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
And happy! if the clue ſhall come ſo cheap;
For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If leſs than heav'nly virtue is our guard.
Thus, a ſtrange kind of curs'd neceſſity
Brings down the ſterling temper of his ſoul,
By baſe alloy, to bear the current ſtamp,
Below call'd wiſdom; ſinks him into ſafety,
And brands him into credit with the world;
Where ſpecious titles dignify diſgrace,
And Nature's injuries are arts of life;
Where brighter reaſon prompts to bolder crimes,
And heav'nly talents make infernal hearts;
That unſurmountable extreme of guilt!
  Poor Machiavel! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot that genius need not go to ſchool;
Forgot that man, without a tutor wiſe,
His plan had practis'd long before 'twas writ.
The world's all title-page, there's no contents;
The world's all face; the man who ſhews his heart,
Is whooted for his nudities, and ſcorn'd.

A man I knew, who lived upon a ſmile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
While rankeſt venom foam'd thro' ev'ry vein.
Lorenzo! what I tell thee, take not ill:
Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry fool alive;
And, dying, curs'd the friend on whom he liv'd.
To ſuch proficients thou art half a ſaint.
In foreign realms (for thou haſt travell'd far)
How curious to contemplate two ſtate-rooks,
Studious their neſts to feather in a trice,
With all the necromantics of their art,
Playing the game of faces on each other,
Making court-ſweetmeats of their latent gall,
In fooliſh hope to ſteal each other's truſt;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
And, ſometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!
Their parts we doubt not; but be that their ſhame:
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles, that would diſgrace a fool?
And loſe the thanks of thoſe few friends they ſerve?
For who can thank the man he cannot ſee?
Why ſo much cover? It defeats itſelf.
Ye, that know all things! know ye not, mens hearts
Are therefore known, becauſe they are conceal'd?
For why conceal'd?—The cauſe they need not tell.
I give him joy that's aukward at a lie;
Whoſe feeble nature Truth ſtill keeps in awe;
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to diſdain diſguiſe;
It ſhews our ſpirit, or it proves our ſtrength.
Thou ſayſt, 'tis needful: is it therefore right?
Howe'er, I grant it ſome ſmall ſign of grace,
To ſtrain at an excuſe: and wouldſt thou then
Eſcape that cruel need? thou mayſt, with eaſe;
Think no poſt needful that demands a knave.
When late our civil helm was ſhifting hands,
So P—— thought: think better, if you can.
But this, how rare! the public path of life

Is dirty:—yet, allow that dirt its due,
It makes the noble mind more noble ſtill:
The world's no neuter; it will wound or ſave;
Our virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You ſay, The world, well known, will make a man:—
The world, well known, will give our hearts to heav'n,
Or make us dæmons, long before we die.
To ſhew how fair the world, thy miſtreſs, ſhines,
Take either part, ſure ills attend the choice;
Sure, tho' not equal, detriment enſues.
Not virtue's ſelf is deify'd on earth:
Virtue has her relapſes, conflicts, foes;
Foes that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar ſet of pains.
True friends to virtue, laſt, and leaſt, complain;
But if they ſigh, can others hope to ſmile?
If Wiſdom has her miſeries to mourn,
How can poor Folly lead a happy life?
And if both ſuffer, what has earth to boaſt,
Where he moſt happy who the leaſt laments?
Where much, much patience, the moſt envy'd ſtate,
And ſome forgiveneſs, needs the beſt of friends?
For friend, for happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither ſhall he find the ſhadow here.
The world's ſworn advocate, without a fee,
Lorenzo ſmartly, with a ſmile, replies:
" Thus far thy ſong is right; and all muſt own,
" Virtue has her peculiar ſet of pains.——
" And joys peculiar who to Vice denies?
" If vice it is, with Nature to comply:
" If pride and ſenſe are ſo predominant,
" To check, not overcome them, makes a ſaint.
" Can Nature in a plainer voice proclaim
" Pleaſure, and glory, the chief good of man?"
Can pride, and ſenſuality, rejoice?
From purity of thought all pleaſure ſprings;
And, from an humble ſpirit, all our peace.
Ambition, Pleaſure! let us talk of theſe:

Of theſe, the Porch and Academy talk'd;
Of theſe, each following age had much to ſay;
Yet unexhauſted ſtill the needful theme.
Who talks of theſe, to mankind all at once
He talks; for where the ſaint from either free?
Are theſe thy refuge?—No; theſe ruſh upon thee;
Thy vitals ſeize, and vulture-like devour:
I'll try if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
Prometheus! from this barren ball of earth;
If Reaſon can unchain thee, thou art free.
And, firſt, thy Caucaſus, ambition, calls;
Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!
Of courted woes! and courted through miſtake!
'Tis not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat
Will make thee ſtart, as H—— at his moor.
Doſt graſp at greatneſs? Firſt, know what it is:
Think'ſt thou thy greatneſs in diſtinction lyes?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er ſo high,
By Fortune ſtuck, to mark us from the throng,
Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverſe;
In that which joins, in that which equals, all,
The monarch and his ſlave;—" a deathleſs ſoul,
" Unbounded proſpect, and immortal kin,
" A father God, and brothers in the ſkies;"
Elder, indeed, in time; but leſs remote
In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man;
Why greater what can fall, than what can riſe?
If ſtill delirious, now, Lorenzo! go;
And, with thy full-blown brothers of the world,
Throw ſcorn around thee; caſt it on thy ſlaves;
Thy ſlaves, and equals: how ſcorn caſt on them,
Rebounds on thee! If man is mean, as man,
Art thou a god? If fortune makes him ſo,
Beware the conſequence: a maxim that
Which draws a monſtrous picture of mankind;
Where, in the drapery, the man is loſt;
Externals flutt'ring, and the ſoul forgot;
Thy greateſt glory when diſpos'd to boaſt,

Boaſt that aloud, in which thy ſervants ſhare.
We wiſely ſtrip the ſteed we mean to buy;
Judge we, in their capariſons, of men?
It nought avails thee where, but what, thou art;
All the diſtinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man.
When, through death's ſtreights, earth's ſubtile ſerpents creep,
Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
As crooked Satan the forbidden tree,
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen creſts, and hiſs at us below.
Of fortune's fucus ſtrip them, yet alive;
Strip them of body, too; nay, cloſer ſtill,
Away with all, but moral, in their minds;
And let what then remains impoſe their name,
Pronounce them weak or worthy, great or mean.
How mean that ſnuff of glory fortune lights,
And death puts out! Doſt thou demand a teſt,
A teſt at once infallible and ſhort,
Of real greatneſs? That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
High-fluſh'd with hope, where heroes ſhall deſpair.
If this a true criterion, many courts,
Illuſtrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth ſurveys
Nought greater, than an honeſt, humble heart;
An humble heart, his reſidence! pronounc'd
His ſecond ſeat; and rival to the ſkies.
The private path, the ſecret acts of men,
If noble, far the nobleſt of our lives!
How far above Lorenzo's glory ſits
Th' illuſtrious maſter of a name unknown!
Whoſe worth unrival'd, and unwitneſs'd, loves
Life's ſacred ſhades, where gods converſe with men;
And peace, beyond the world's conception, ſmiles!
As thou (now dark) before we part, ſhalt ſee.

But thy great ſoul this ſkulking glory ſcorns.
Lorenzo's ſick, but when Lorenzo's ſeen;
And, when he ſhrugs at public buſ'neſs, lies.
Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,
As if he liv'd on others breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedeſtal;
Mankind, the gazers; the ſole figure, he.
Knows he, that mankind praiſe againſt their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he, that faithleſs Fame her whiſper has,
As well as trumpet? that his vanity
Is ſo much tickled from not hearing all?
Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praiſe,
Or, from an itch more ſordid, when he ſhines,
Taking his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him, and deſpiſe,
With modeſt laughter lining loud applauſe,
Which makes the ſmile more mortal to his fame?
His fame, which (like the mighty Cæſar) crown'd
With laurels, in full ſenate, greatly falls,
By ſeeming friends, that honour, and deſtroy.
We riſe in glory, as we ſink in pride:
Where boaſting ends, there dignity begins:
And yet miſtaken, beyond all miſtake,
The blind Lorenzo's proud——of being proud;
And dreams himſelf aſcending in his fall.

An eminence, tho' fancied, turns the brain;
All vice wants hellebore; but, of all vice,
Pride loudeſt calls, and for the largeſt bowl;
Becauſe, unlike all other vice, it flies,
In fact, the point in fancy moſt purſu'd.
Who court applauſe, oblige the world in this;
They gratify man's paſſion to refuſe.
Superior honour, when aſſum'd, is loſt;
Ev'n good men turn banditti, and rejoice,
Like Kouli-Kan, in plunder of the proud.

Tho' ſomewhat diſconcerted, ſteady ſtill
To the world's cauſe, with half a face of joy,

" Lorenzo cries——Be, then, ambition caſt;
" Ambition's dearer far ſtands unimpeach'd,
" Gay Pleaſure! proud ambition is her ſlave;
" For her, he ſoars at great, and hazards ill;
" For her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
" And paves his way with crowns to reach her ſmile!
" Who can reſiſt her charms?"——or ſhould,
Lorenzo!
What mortal ſhall reſiſt, where angels yield?
Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of ethereal pow'rs;
For her contend the rival gods above:
Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of the world below;
And well it is for man, that pleaſure charms;
How would All ſtagnate, but for pleaſure's ray!
How would the frozen ſtream of action ceaſe!
What is the pulſe of this ſo buſy world?
The love of pleaſure: that, thro' ev'ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and ſhuts out death from life.
Tho' various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleaſure's gay family hold All in chains:
Some moſt affect the black, and ſome the fair;
Some honeſt pleaſure court, and ſome obſcene.
Pleaſures obſcene are various, as the throng
Of paſſions, that can err in human hearts;
Miſtake their objects, or tranſgreſs their bounds.
Think you there's but one whoredom? whoredom, All,
But when our reaſon licenſes delight.
Doſt doubt, Lorenzo? thou ſhalt doubt no more.
Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
An ugly common harlot in the dark,
A rank adulterer with other's gold;
And that hag, Vengeance, in a corner, charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as love,
Where horrid Epicures debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, pleaſure is the mark:
For her, the black aſſaſſin draws his ſword;
For her, dark ſtateſmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no ſingle ſacrifice may fall;

For her, the ſaint abſtains; the miſer ſtarves;
The Stoic proud, for pleaſure, pleaſure ſcorn'd;
For her, Affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For her, guilt, ſhame, toil, danger, we defy;
And, with an aim voluptuous, ruſh on death.
Thus univerſal her deſpotic power.

And as her empire wide, her praiſe is juſt.
Patron of pleaſure! doater on delight!
I am thy rival; pleaſure I profeſs;
Pleaſure, the purpoſe of my gloomy ſong:
Pleaſure is nought but Virtue's gayer name;
I wrong her ſtill, I rate her worth too low;
Virtue the root, and pleaſure is the flow'r;
And honeſt Epicurus' foes were fools.

But this ſounds harſh, and gives the wiſe offence;
If o'erſtrain'd wiſdom ſtill retains the name.
How knits Auſterity her cloudy brow,
And blames as bold, and hazardous, the praiſe
Of pleaſure, to mankind, unprais'd, too dear!
Ye modern Stoics! hear my ſoft reply;
Their ſenſes men will truſt: We can't impoſe;
Or, if we could, is impoſition right?
Own honey ſweet; but, owning, add this ſting;
"When mix'd with poiſon, it is deadly too."
Truth never was indebted to a lie.
Is nought but virtue to be prais'd, as good?
Why then is health preferr'd before diſeaſe?
What nature loves, is good, without our leave.
And where no future draw-back cries, "Beware;"
Pleaſure, though not from virtue, ſhould prevail.
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to Heav'n:
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
The love of pleaſure is man's eldeſt-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wiſdom her younger ſiſter, tho' more grave,
Was meant to miniſter, and not to mar,
Imperial Pleaſure, queen of human hearts.

Lorenzo! thou, her majesty's renown'd,
Tho' uncoift, counsel, learned in the world!
Who think'st thyself a Murray, with disdain
Mayst look on me. Yet, my Demosthenes!
Canst thou plead Pleasure's cause as well as I?
Knowst thou her nature, purpose, parentage?
Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all;
And know thyself; and know thyself to be
(Strange truth!) the most abstemious man alive.
Tell not Calista; she will laugh thee dead,
Or send thee to her hermitage with L——.
Absurd presumption! thou who never knew'st
A serious thought, shalt thou dare dream of joy?
No man e'er found a happy life by chance,
Or yawn'd it into being with a wish;
Or, with the snout of grov'ling appetite,
E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An art it is, and must be learnt; and learnt
With unremitting effort, or be lost;
And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our bliss.
The clouds may drop down titles and estates;
Wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought;
Sought before all; but (how unlike all else
We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain. [see:
First, Pleasure's birth, rise, strength, and grandeur,
Brought forth by Wisdom, nurs'd by Discipline,
By Patience taught, by Perseverance crown'd,
She rears her head majestic; round her throne
Erected in the bosom of the just,
Each virtue listed, forms her manly guard.
For what are virtues? (formidable name!)
What but the fountain, or defence, of joy?
Why, then, commanded? need mankind commands,
At once to merit and to make their bliss?——
Great Legislator! scarce so great, as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice;
In the transgression lyes the penalty;

And they the moſt indulge, who moſt obey.
Of pleaſure, next, the final cauſe explore;
Its mighty purpoſe, its important end.
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, Pleaſure came from Heav'n.
In aid to Reaſon was the goddeſs ſent;
To call up all its ſtrength by ſuch a charm.
Pleaſure, firſt, ſuccours Virtue; in return,
Virtue gives Pleaſure an eternal reign.
What but the pleaſure of food, friendſhip, faith,
Supports life nat'ral, civil, and divine?
'Tis from the pleaſure of repaſt, we live;
'Tis from the pleaſure of applauſe, we pleaſe;
'Tis from the pleaſure of belief, we pray;
(All pray'r would ceaſe, if unbeliev'd the prize:)
It ſerves ourſelves, our ſpecies, and our God;
And to ſerve more, is paſt the ſphere of man.
Glide then, for ever, pleaſure's ſacred ſtream!
Through Eden as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And foſters ev'ry growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows;——but ſuch
As muſt be loſt, Lorenzo! by thy fall.
"What mean I by thy fall?"—Thou'lt ſhortly ſee,
While Pleaſure's nature is at large diſplay'd;
Already ſung her origin and ends:
Thoſe glorious ends, by kind or by degree,
When Pleaſure violates, 'tis then a vice,
And vengeance too; it haſtens into pain.
From due refreſhment, life, health, reaſon, joy;
From wild exceſs, pain, grief, diſtraction, death;
Heav'n's juſtice this proclaims, and that her love,
What greater evil can I wiſh my foe,
Than his full draught of pleaſure from a caſk
Unbroach'd by juſt authority, ungang'd
By Temperance, by Reaſon unrefin'd?
A thouſand dæmons lurk within the lee.
Heav'n, others, and ourſelves! uninjur'd theſe,
Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine;

Angels are angels from indulgence there;
'Tis unrepenting pleaſure makes a god.
Doſt think thyſelf a god from others joys?
A victim rather! ſhortly ſure to bleed.
The wrong muſt mourn: can Heav'n's appointments fail?
Can man outwit Omnipotence? ſtrike out
A ſelf-wrought happineſs unmeant by Him
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
Who forms an inſtrument, ordains from whence
Its diſſonance, or harmony, ſhall riſe.
Heav'n bid the ſoul this mortal frame inſpire;
Bid Virtue's ray divine inſpire the ſoul
With unprecarious flows of vital joy;
And, without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as, without piety, for peace.
"Is Virtue, then, and Piety, the ſame?"——
No; piety is more; 'tis Virtue's ſource;
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digeſt;
They ſmile at piety; yet boaſt aloud
Good-will to men; nor know, they ſtrive to part
What Nature joins; and thus confute themſelves.
With Piety begins all good on earth;
'Tis the firſt-born of Rationality.
Conſcience, her firſt law broken, wounded lyes;
Enfeebled, lifeleſs, impotent to good;
A feign'd affection bounds her utmoſt pow'r.
Some we can't love, but for th' Almighty's ſake;
A foe to GOD was ne'er true friend to man;
Some ſiniſter intent taints all he does,
And in his kindeſt actions he's unkind.
On piety, humanity is built;
And on humanity, much happineſs;
And yet ſtill more on piety itſelf.
A ſoul in commerce with her GOD, is heav'n;
Feels not the tumults and the ſhocks of life,
The whirls of paſſion, and the ſtrokes of heart.

A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inſpires:
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next
O'er Death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides:
Praiſe, the ſweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill:
Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a ſtream
Of glory on the conſecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worſhips the Great God, that inſtant joins
The firſt in heav'n, and ſets his foot on hell:
Lorenzo! when waſt thou at church before?
Thou think'ſt the ſervice long: but is it juſt?
Tho' juſt, unwelcome: thou hadſt rather tread
Unhallow'd ground; the muſe, to win thine ear,
Muſt take an air leſs ſolemn. She complies.
Good conſcience! at the ſound the world retires;
Verſe diſaffects it, and Lorenzo ſmiles:
Yet has ſhe her ſeraglio full of charms;
And ſuch as age ſhall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected? is thy mind o'ercaſt?
Amid her fair ones, thou the faireſt chuſe,
To chaſe thy gloom.—"Go, fix ſome weighty truth;
"Chain down ſome paſſion; do ſome gen'rous good;
"Teach Ignorance to ſee, or Grief to ſmile;
"Correct thy friend; befriend thy greateſt foe;
"Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,
"Spring up, and lay ſtrong hold on Him who made
Thy gloom is ſcatter'd, ſprightly ſpirits flow; [thee."
Tho' wither'd is thy vine, and harp unſtrung.
Doſt call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters!
Phyſicians more than half of thy diſeaſe!
Laughter, tho' never cenſur'd yet as ſin,
(Pardon a thought that only *ſeems* ſevere),
Is half immoral: is it much indulg'd?

By venting ſpleen, or diſſipating thought,
It ſhews a ſcorner, or it makes a fool;
And ſins, as hurting others, or ourſelves.
'Tis pride, or emptineſs, applies the ſtraw
That tickles little minds to mirth effuſe;
Of grief approaching, the portentous ſign!
The houſe of laughter makes a houſe of wo.
A man triumphant is a monſtrous ſight;
A man dejected is a ſight as mean.
What cauſe for triumph, where ſuch ills abound?
What for dejection, where preſides a Pow'r
Who call'd us into being to be bleſs'd?
So grieve, as conſcious, grief may riſe to joy;
So joy, as conſcious, joy to grief may fall.
Moſt true, a wiſe man never will be ſad;
But neither will ſonorous, bubbling mirth,
A ſhallow ſtream of happineſs betray:
Too happy to be ſportive, he's ſerene.
Yet wouldſt thou laugh, (but at thy own expence),
This counſel ſtrange ſhould I preſume to give—
"Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay."
There truths abound of ſov'reign aid to peace;
Ah! do not prize them leſs, becauſe inſpir'd,
As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
If not inſpir'd, that pregnant page had ſtood,
Time's treaſure! and the wonder of the wiſe!
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, thy ſoul alone at ſtake;
Alas!—Should men miſtake thee for a fool;—
What man of taſte for genius, wiſdom, truth,
Tho' tender of thy fame, could interpoſe?
Believe me, ſenſe here acts a double part,
And the true critic is a Chriſtian too.
But theſe, thou think'ſt, are gloomy paths to joy.—
True joy in ſunſhine ne'er was found at firſt:
They, firſt, themſelves offend, who greatly pleaſe;
And travel only gives us ſound repoſe.
Heav'n ſells all pleaſure; effort is the price;
The joys of conqueſt, are the joys of man;

And glory the victorious laurel ſpreads
O'er pleaſure's pure, perpetual, placid ſtream.
There is a time, when toil muſt be preferr'd;
Or joy, by miſ-tim'd fondneſs, is undone.
A man of pleaſure, is a man of pains.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be bleſs'd.
Falſe joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;
From thought's full bent, and energy, the true;
And that demands a mind in equal poiſe,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only ſpeaks ſmall happineſs,
But happineſs that ſhortly muſt expire.
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, ſtand?
And, in a tempeſt, can reflection live?
Can joy, like thine, ſecure itſelf an hour?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unſhock'd?
Or ope the door to honeſt poverty?
Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale?
In ſuch a world, and ſuch a nature, theſe
Are needful fundamentals of delight:
Theſe fundamentals give delight indeed;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight, unſhaken, maſculine, divine;
A conſtant and a ſound, but ſerious, joy.
Is Joy the daughter of Severity?
It is:—yet far my doctrine from ſevere.
"Rejoice for ever;" it becomes a man;
Exalts, and ſets him nearer to the gods.
"Rejoice for ever;" Nature cries, "Rejoice;"
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
Mix'd up of delicates for ev'ry ſenſe;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feaſt,
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praiſe;
And he that will not pledge her, is a churl.
Ill firmly to ſupport, good fully taſte,
Is the whole ſcience of felicity,
Yet ſparing pledge: her bowl is not the beſt
Mankind can boaſt.—"A rational repaſt;

" Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
" A military diſcipline of thought,
" To foil temptation in the doubtful field;
" And ever-waking ardor for the right:"
'Tis theſe firſt give, then guard, a cheerful heart.
Nought that is right, think little; well aware,
What Reaſon bids, GOD bids; by His command
How aggrandiz'd the ſmalleſt thing we do!
Thus, nothing is inſipid to the wiſe;
To thee, inſipid all, but what is mad;
Joys ſeaſon'd high, and taſting ſtrong of guilt.
" Mad!" (thou reply'ſt, with indignation fir'd)
" Of ancient ſages proud to tread the ſteps,
" I follow Nature."—Follow Nature ſtill,
But look it be thine own: is Conſcience, then,
No part of Nature? is ſhe not ſupreme?
Thou regicide! O raiſe her from the dead!
Then, follow Nature; and reſemble GOD.
When, ſpite of conſcience, pleaſure is purſu'd,
Man's nature is unnaturally pleas'd;
And what's unnatural, is painful too
At intervals, and muſt diſguſt even thee!
The fact thou know'ſt; but not, perhaps, the cauſe.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid;
Heav'n mix'd her with our make, and twiſted cloſe
Her ſacred int'reſts with the ſtrings of life.
Who breaks her awful mandate, ſhocks himſelf,
His better ſelf: and is it greater pain,
Our ſoul ſhould murmur, or our duſt repine?
And one, in their eternal war, muſt bleed.
If one muſt ſuffer, which ſhould leaſt be ſpar'd?
The pains of mind ſurpaſs the pains of ſenſe:
Aſk, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt?
The joys of ſenſe to mental joys are mean:
Senſe on the preſent only feeds; the ſoul
On paſt and future forages for joy.
'Tis her's, by retroſpect, thro' time to range;
And forward time's great ſequel to ſurvey.

Could human courts take vengeance on the mind,
Axes might ruſt, and racks and gibbets fall:
Guard then, thy mind, and leave the reſt to Fate.
Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a man?
The man is dead, who for the body lives,
Lur'd, by the beating of his pulſe, to lift
With ev'ry luſt that wars againſt his peace,
And ſets him quite at variance with himſelf.
Thyſelf, firſt know; then love: a ſelf there is
Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
A ſelf there is, as fond of ev'ry vice,
While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart;
Humility degrades it, juſtice robs,
Bleſs'd bounty beggars it, fair truth betrays,
And godlike magnanimity deſtroys.
This ſelf, when rival to the former, ſcorn;
When not in competition, kindly treat,
Defend it, feed it:—but when virtue bids,
Toſs it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
And why? 'tis love of pleaſure bids thee bleed;
Comply, or own ſelf-love extinct or blind.
For what is vice? ſelf-love in a miſtake;
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And virtue, what? 'tis ſelf-love in her wits,
Quite ſkilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good ſenſe is love of that dread Pow'r,
From whom herſelf, and all ſhe can enjoy.
Other ſelf-love is but diſguis'd ſelf-hate;
More mortal than the malice of our foes;
A ſelf-hate, now ſcarce felt; then felt full ſore,
When being, curs'd; extinction, loud implor'd;
And ev'ry thing preferr'd to what we are.
Yet this ſelf-love Lorenzo makes his choice;
And, in this choice triumphant, boaſts of joy.
How is his want of happineſs betray'd,
By diſaffection to the preſent hour!
Imagination wanders far a-field:
The future pleaſes: Why? The preſent pains.—

"But that's a ſecret."—Yes, which all men know;
And know from thee, diſcover'd unawares.
Thy ceaſeleſs agitation, reſtleſs roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pauſe;
What is it? 'tis the cradle of the ſoul,
From inſtinct ſent, to rock her in diſeaſe,
Which her phyſician, Reaſon, will not cure.
A poor expedient! yet thy beſt; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it owns it too.
Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies?
The weak have remedies; the wiſe have joys.
Superior wiſdom is ſuperior bliſs.
And what ſure mark diſtinguiſhes the wiſe?
Conſiſtent wiſdom ever wills the ſame;
Thy fickle wiſh is ever on the wing.
Sick of herſelf, is Folly's character;
As Wiſdom's is, a modeſt ſelf-applauſe.
A change of evils is thy good ſupreme;
Nor, but in motion, canſt thou find thy reſt.
Man's greateſt ſtrength is ſhewn in ſtanding ſtill.
The firſt ſure ſymptom of a mind in health,
Is reſt of heart, and pleaſure felt at home.
Falſe pleaſure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and ſelf-ſuſtain'd, the true.
The true is fix'd, and ſolid as a rock;
Slipp'ry the falſe, and toſſing, as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain;
That like the fabled, ſelf-enamour'd boy,
Home-contemplation her ſupreme delight;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition; and the more
Intenſe ſhe gazes, ſtill it charms the more.
No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himſelf:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
Such angels all, entitled to repoſe
On Him who governs Fate. Tho' Tempeſt frowns,

Tho' Nature ſhakes, how ſoft to lean on Heav'n!
To lean on Him, on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and ſilent as the grave,
They ſtand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, ſeen of old
In Iſrael's dream, come from, and go to, heav'n:
Hence, are they ſtudious of ſequeſter'd ſcenes;
While noiſe and diſſipation comfort thee.
Were all men happy, revellings would ceaſe,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly bleſs'd,
But it compos'd, and gave him ſuch a caſt,
As Folly might miſtake for want of joy;
A caſt, unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modeſt aſpect, and a ſmile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander's ſpring!
A ſpring perennial, riſing in the breaſt,
And permanent, as pure! no turbid ſtream
Of rapt'rous exultation ſwelling high;
Which, like land floods, impetuous, pour a while,
Then ſink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who tranſient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the ſtream?
Vain are all ſudden ſallies of delight;
Convulſions of a weak diſtemper'd joy.
Joy's a fix'd ſtate; a tenor, not a ſtart.
Bliſs there is none, but unprecarious bliſs:
That is the gem; ſell all, and purchaſe that.
Why go a-begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with eaſe, nor ſafely lov'd if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pauſe;
Suſpect it; what thou canſt enſure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'ſt thyſelf, is ſure.
Reaſon perpetuates joy that reaſon gives,
And makes it as immortal as herſelf:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.
Worth, conſcious worth! ſhould abſolutely reign;

And other joys ask leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and periſh in inteſtine broils;
Not the leaſt promiſe of internal peace!
No boſom-comfort, or unborrow'd bliſs!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward-bound,
'Midſt ſands, and rocks, and ſtorms, to cruiſe for pleaſure;
If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miſs'd than gain'd.
Much pain muſt expiate, what much pain procur'd.
Fancy, and ſenſe, from an infected ſhore,
Thy cargo bring; and peſtilence the prize.
Then, ſuch thy thirſt, (inſatiable thirſt!
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more)
Fancy ſtill cruiſes, when poor Senſe is tir'd.
Imagination is the Paphian ſhop,
Where feeble happineſs, like Vulcan, lame,
Bids foul ideas, in their dark receſs,
And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires,)
With wanton art thoſe fatal arrows form
Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
Wouldſt thou receive them, other thoughts there are,
Which theſe, with art divine, would counterwork,
And form celeſtial armour for thy peace.
In this is ſeen Imagination's guilt;
But who can count her follies? She betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is ſomething great.
For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
And foreign climes muſt cater for thy taſte.
Hence, what diſaſter!—Tho' the price was paid,
That perſecuting prieſt, the Turk of Rome,
Whoſe foot, ye gods! tho' cloven, muſt be kiſs'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian ſhore;
(Such is the fate of honeſt Proteſtants!)
And poor magnificence is ſtarv'd to death.
Hence juſt reſentment, indignation, ire!——

Be pacify'd: if outward things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to ſcorn;
Pompous expences, and parades auguſt,
And courts; that inſalubrious ſoil to peace.
True happineſs ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happineſs reſides in things unſeen.
No ſmiles of Fortune ever bleſs'd the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob innocence of joys;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
So tell his Holineſs, and be reveng'd.
Pleaſure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Our only conteſt, what deſerves the name.
Give Pleaſure's name to nought, but what has paſs'd
Th' authentic ſeal of Reaſon (which, like Yorke,
Demurs on what it paſſes) and defies
The tooth of Time; when paſt, a pleaſure ſtill;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our preſent, joy.
Some joys the future overcaſt; and ſome
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity; ſome give
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Conſult thy whole exiſtence, and be ſafe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the leſſon, tho' my lecture long;
Be good—and let Heav'n anſwer for the reſt.
Yet, with a ſigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds, that obſcure his ſublunary day,
But never conquer: even the beſt muſt own,
Patience, and reſignation, are the pillars
Of human peace on earth. The pillars, theſe;
But thoſe of Seth not more remote from thee,
Till this heroic leſſon thou haſt learnt;
To frown at *pleaſure*, and to ſmile in *pain*.

Fir'd at the proſpect of unclouded bliſs,
Heav'n in reverſion, like the ſun as yet
Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
It ſheds, on ſouls ſuſceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
" This (ſays Lorenzo) is a fair harangue:
" But can harangues blow back ſtrong nature's ſtream;
" Or ſtem the tide Heav'n puſhes thro' our veins,
" Which ſweeps away man's impotent reſolves,
" And lays his labour level with the world?"
Themſelves men make their comment on mankind;
And think nought is, but what they find at home:
Thus, weakneſs to chimera turns the truth.
Nothing romantic has the muſe preſcrib'd.
Above *, Lorenzo ſaw the man of earth,
The mortal man; and wretched was the ſight.
To balance that, to comfort and exalt,
Now ſee the man immortal: him, I mean,
Who lives as ſuch; whoſe heart, full bent on heav'n,
Leans all that way, his bias to the ſtars.
The world's dark ſhades, in contraſt ſet, ſhall raiſe
His luſtre more; tho' bright, without a foil:
Obſerve his awful portrait, and admire:
Nor ſtop at wonder; imitate, and live.
Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw
What nothing leſs than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the ſkies;
Like ſhips in ſeas, while in, above, the world.
With aſpect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him ſeated on a mount ſerene,
Above the fogs of ſenſe, and paſſion's ſtorm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmleſs thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine ſons, the ſcepter'd, and the ſlave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he ſees
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverſe in all! What higher praiſe?

* In a former Night.

What ſtronger demonſtration of the right?
The preſent all their care; the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varniſh nature; *his* exalt.
Mankind's eſteem they court; and he, his own.
Theirs, the wild chace of falſe felicities;
His, the compos'd poſſeſſion of the true.
Alike throughout is his conſiſtent peace,
All of one colour and an even thread:
While party-colour'd ſhreds of happineſs,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and ſhews their nakedneſs.
He ſees with other eyes than theirs; where they
Behold a ſun, he ſpies a Deity;
What makes them only ſmile, makes him adore.
Where they ſee mountains, he but atoms ſees;
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terreſtrial worſhip, as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by, as duſt,
That dims his ſight, and ſhortens his ſurvey,
Which longs in infinite, to loſe all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aſide to find his dignity;
No dignity *they* find in aught beſides.
They triumph in externals, (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipſe.
Himſelf too much *he* prizes to be proud;
And nothing thinks ſo great in man, as man.
Too dear he holds his int'reſt, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'reſt, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the ſhadow of a wrong;
Wrong *he* ſuſtains with temper, looks on heav'n,
Nor ſtoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart *their* character defends;

A cover'd heart denies *him* half his praiſe.
With nakedneſs *his* innocence agrees;
While *their* broad foliage teſtifies their fall.
Their no-joys end, where *his* full feaſt begins;
His joys create, *theirs* murder, future bliſs.
To triumph in exiſtence, his alone;
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true exiſtence is not yet begun:
His glorious courſe was, yeſterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life ſtill is ſweet.
But nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm,
Undaunted breaſt—And whoſe is that high praiſe?
They yield to pleaſure, tho' they danger brave,
And ſhew no fortitude but in the field;
If there they ſhew it, 'tis for glory ſhewn;
Nor will that cordial always man *their* hearts.
A cordial *his* ſuſtains, that cannot fail;
By pleaſure unſubdu'd, unbroke by pain,
He ſhares in that omnipotence he truſts.
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls;
And when he falls, writes VICI on his ſhield.
From magnanimity, all fear above;
From nobler recompenſe, above applauſe,
Which owes to man's ſhort out-look all its charms.
Backward to credit what he never felt,
Lorenzo cries,—" Where ſhines this miracle?
" From what root riſes this immortal man?"
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground:
The root diſſect, nor wonder at the flow'r.
He follows nature (not like * thee,) and ſhews us
An uninverted ſyſtem of a man.
His appetite wears reaſon's golden chain,
And finds, in due reſtraint, its luxury.
His paſſion, like an eagle well reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought but infinite.
Patient his hope, unanxious is his care,
His caution fearleſs, and his grief (if grief
The gods ordain) a ſtranger to deſpair.

* See page 25. l. 12.

And why?—Becauſe affection, more than meet,
His wiſdom leaves not diſengag'd from Heav'n.
Thoſe ſecondary goods that ſmile on earth,
He loving in proportion, loves in peace.
They moſt the world enjoy, who leaſt admire.
His underſtanding 'ſcapes the common cloud
Of fumes, ariſing from a boiling breaſt.
His head is clear, becauſe his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
The mod'rate movements of his ſoul admit
Diſtinct ideas and matur'd debate,
An eye impartial, and an even ſcale;
Whence judgment ſound, and unrepenting choice.
Thus, in a double ſenſe, the good are wiſe;
On its own dunghill, wiſer than the world.
What, then, the world? it muſt be doubly weak;
Strange truth! as ſoon would they believe their creed.
Yet thus it is; nor otherwiſe can be;
So far from aught romantic what I ſing.
Bliſs has no being, virtue has no ſtrength,
But from the proſpect of immortal life.
Who think earth all, or (what weighs juſt the ſame)
Who care no farther, muſt prize what it yields;
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing, can't its charms admire;
He can't a foe, though moſt malignant, hate,
Becauſe that hate would prove his greater foe.
'Tis hard for them (yet who ſo loudly boaſt
Good-will to men?) to love their deareſt friend;
For may not he invade their good ſupreme,
Where the leaſt jealouſy turns love to gall?
All ſhines to them, that for a ſeaſon ſhines.
Each act, each thought, he queſtions, "What its weight,
"Its colour what, a thouſand ages hence?"——
And what it there appears, he deems it now.
Hence, pure are the receſſes of his ſoul.
The god-like man has nothing to conceal.

His virtue, conſtitutionally deep,
Has habit's firmneſs, and affection's flame;
Angels, ally'd, deſcend to feed the fire;
And death, which others ſlays, makes him a god.
And now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!
Wont to diſdain poor bigots caught by Heav'n!
Stand by thy ſcorn, and be reduc'd to nought:
For what art thou?—Thou boaſter! while thy glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad miſt, at diſtance ſtrikes us moſt;
And, like a miſt, is nothing when at hand;
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and riſes nearer to the ſkies,
By promiſe now, and by poſſeſſion ſoon,
(Too ſoon, too much, it cannot be) his own.
From this thy juſt annihilation, riſe,
Lorenzo! riſe to ſomething, by reply.
The world, thy client, liſtens, and expects;
And longs to crown thee with immortal praiſe.
Canſt thou be ſilent? No; for wit is thine;
And Wit talks moſt, when leaſt ſhe has to ſay,
And Reaſon interrupts not her career.
She'll ſay—That miſts above the mountains riſe;
And, with a thouſand pleaſantries, amuſe:
She'll ſparkle, puzzle, flutter, raiſe a duſt;
And fly conviction, in the duſt ſhe rais'd.
Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taſte!
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of ſenſe;
But, as its ſubſtitute, a dire diſeaſe.
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wiſdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds:
Paſſion can give it; ſometimes wine inſpires
The lucky flaſh; and madneſs rarely fails.
Whatever cauſe the ſpirit ſtrongly ſtirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
For thy renown, 'twere well was this the worſt;
Chance often hits it; and to pique thee more,

See Dulneſs, blund'ring on vivacities,
Shakes her ſage head at the calamity
Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
But Wiſdom, awful Wiſdom! which inſpects,
Diſcerns, compares, weighs, ſeparates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the laſt;
How rare! In ſenates, ſynods, ſought in vain;
Or if there found, 'tis ſacred to the few;
While a lewd proſtitute to multitudes,
Frequent as fatal, wit: in civil life,
Wit makes an enterprizer; ſenſe a man:
Wit hates authority; commotion loves,
And thinks herſelf the lightning of the ſtorm.
In ſtates, 'tis dangerous; in religion, death:
Shall Wit turn Chriſtian, when the dull believe!
Senſe is our helmet, wit is but the plume;
The plume expoſes, 'tis our helmet ſaves.
Senſe is the di'mond, weighty, ſolid, ſound;
When cut by wit, it caſts a brighter beam;
Yet, wit apart, it is a di'mond ſtill.
Wit, widow'd of good-ſenſe, is worſe than nought;
It hoiſts more ſail to run againſt a rock.
Thus, a half-Cheſterfield is quite a fool;
Whom dull fools ſcorn, and bleſs their want of wit.

How ruinous the rock I warn thee ſhun,
Where Syrens ſit, to ſing thee to thy fate!
A joy, in which our reaſon bears no part,
Is but a ſorrow tickling ere it ſtings.
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know;—
And yet, we muſt much know her, to be ſafe.
To know the world, not love her, is thy point:
She gives but little; nor that little, long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulſe,
A dance of ſpirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our thoughtleſs agitation's idle child,
That mantles high, that ſparkles, and expires,

Leaving the ſoul more vapid than before;
An animal ovation! ſuch as holds
No commerce with our reaſon, but ſubſiſts
On juices, thro' the well-toned tubes, well-ſtrain'd;
A nice machine! ſcarce ever tuned aright;
And when it jars——thy Syrens ſing no more,
Thy dance is done; the demi-god is thrown
(Short apotheoſis!) beneath the man,
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell deſpair.
Art thou yet dull enough deſpair to dread,
And ſtartle at deſtruction? If thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field;
(A field of battle is this mortal life!)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart;
A ſingle ſentence proof againſt the world.
"Soul, body, fortune! ev'ry good pertains
"To one of theſe; but prize not all alike;
"The goods of fortune to thy body's health,
"Body to ſoul, and ſoul ſubmit to GOD."
Wouldſt thou build laſting happineſs? do this;
Th' inverted pyramid can never ſtand.
Is this truth doubtful? it outſhines the ſun;
Nay, the ſun ſhines not, but to ſhew us this,
The ſingle leſſon of mankind on earth.
And yet—Yet, what? no news! Mankind is mad;
Such mighty numbers liſt againſt the right,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, atchieve?)
They talk themſelves to ſomething like belief,
That all earth's joys are theirs: as Athens' fool
Grinn'd from the port on ev'ry ſail his own.
They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh?
Half ignorance, their mirth; and half a lie:
To cheat the world, and cheat themſelves, they ſmile.
Hard either taſk! the moſt abandon'd own,
That others, if abandon'd, are undone:
Then, for themſelves, the moment Reaſon wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repoſe)
O how laborious is their gaiety!

They ſcarce can ſwallow their ebullient ſpleen,
Scarce muſter patience to ſupport the farce,
And pump ſad laughter, till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I ſay? ſome cannot ſit it out;
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And ſhew us what their joy, by their deſpair.
The clotted hair! gor'd breaſt! blaſpheming eye!
Its impious fury ſtill alive in death!——
Shut, ſhut the ſhocking ſcene.—But Heav'n denies
A cover to ſuch guilt; and ſo ſhould man.
Look round, Lorenzo! ſee the reeking blade;
Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The ſtrangling cord, and ſuffocating ſtream;
The loathſome rottenneſs, and foul decays
From raging riot (ſlower ſuicides!)
And pride in theſe, more execrable ſtill!——
How horrid all to thought!—but horrors theſe
That vouch the truth, and aid my feeble ſong.
From vice, ſenſe, fancy, no man can be bleſs'd:
Bliſs is too great to lodge within an hour;
When an immortal being aims at bliſs,
Duration is eſſential to the name.
O for a joy from Reaſon! joy from that
Which makes man, man; and, exercis'd aright,
Will make him more: a bounteous joy! that gives,
And promiſes; that weaves, with art divine,
The richeſt proſpect into preſent peace:
A joy ambitious! joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far:
A joy high-privileg'd, from chance, time, death!
A joy, which death ſhall double! judgment, crown!
Crown'd higher, and ſtill higher, at each ſtage,
Thro' bleſs'd eternity's long day; yet ſtill,
Not more remote from ſorrow, than from Him,
Whoſe laviſh hand, whoſe love ſtupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty duſt.
There, O my Lucia! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy preſence can improve my bliſs!

Affects not this the ſages of the world?
Can nought affect them, but what fools them too?
Eternity depending on an hour,
Makes ſerious thought man's wiſdom, joy, and praiſe.
Nor need you bluſh (tho' ſometimes your deſigns
May ſhun the light) at your deſigns on Heav'n;
Sole point! where over-baſhful is your blame.
Are you not wiſe?—You know you are: yet hear
One truth, amid your num'rous ſchemes, miſlaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aſide if ſeen;
"Our ſchemes to plan by this world, or the next,
"Is the ſole diff'rence between wiſe and fool."
All worthy men will weigh you in this ſcale:
What wonder, then, if they pronounce you light?
Is their eſteem alone not worth your care?
Accept my ſimple ſcheme of common ſenſe:
Thus ſave your fame, and make two worlds your own.
The world replies not: but the world perſiſts;
And puts the cauſe off to the longeſt day,
Planning evaſions for the day of doom.
So far, at that re-hearing, from redreſs,
They then turn witneſſes againſt themſelves.
Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be wiſe to-morrow.
Haſte, haſte! a man by nature is in haſte!
For who ſhall anſwer for another hour?
'Tis highly prudent, to make one ſure friend:
And that thou canſt not do this ſide the ſkies.
Ye ſons of earth! (nor willing to be more!)
Since verſe you think from prieſtcraft ſomewhat free,
Thus, in an age ſo gay, the muſe plain truths
(Truths, which, at church, you might have heard in proſe)
Has ventur'd into light: well-pleas'd the verſe
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain;
And crown her with your welfare, not your praiſe.
But praiſe ſhe need not fear: I ſee my fate;
And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulph.
Since many an ample volume, mighty tome,

Muſt die, and die unwept; O thou minute,
Devoted page! go forth among thy foes;
Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death: mankind, incens'd,
Denies thee long to live: nor ſhalt thou reſt,
When thou art dead; in Stygian ſhades arraign'd
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne;
And bold blaſphemer of his friend——the world;
The world, whoſe legions coſt him ſlender pay,
And volunteers, around his banner ſwarm;
Prudent, as Pruſſia, in her zeal for Gaul.
" Are all, then, fools?" Lorenzo cries.—Yes, all
But ſuch as hold this doctrine (new to thee;)
" The mother of true wiſdom is the will;"
The nobleſt intellect a fool without it.
World-wiſdom much has done, and more may do,
In arts and ſciences, in wars and peace;
But art and ſcience, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the moſt indulgence can afford;——
' Thy wiſdom all can do, but—make thee wiſe.'
Nor think this cenſure is ſevere on thee;
Satan, thy maſter, I dare call a dunce.

THE

CONSOLATION.

NIGHT the NINTH.

Containing among other things,

I. A moral Survey of the Nocturnal Heavens.

II. A Night-Address to the DEITY.

Humbly inſcribed to his Grace

The DUKE of NEWCASTLE,

One of his Majeſty's Principal Secretaries of State.

——Fatis contraria fata rependens. VIRG.

NIGHT the NINTH.

AS when a traveller, a long day paſt
In painful ſearch of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates, a while, his labour loſt;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his ſonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due ſeaſon calls him to repoſe:
Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the reſt, the giddy maze,
Where Diſappointment ſmiles at Hope's career;
Warn'd by the languor of life's ev'ning ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble ſhed,
Where, future wand'rings baniſh'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the ſweet hour of reſt,
I chace the moments with a ſerious ſong.
Song ſoothes our pains; and age has pains to ſoothe.
When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my bleeding breaſt, and Death's dark ſhade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' etherial fire;
Canſt thou, O Night! indulge one labour more?
One labour more indulge: then ſleep, my ſtrain!
Till haply wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and ſorrow, ceaſe;
To bear a part in everlaſting lays;
Tho' far, far higher ſet, in aim, I truſt,
Symphonious to this humble prelude *here*.
Has not the muſe aſſerted pleaſures pure,
Like thoſe above, exploding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh;
And tell me, Haſt thou cauſe to triumph ſtill?
I think thou wilt forbear a boaſt ſo bold.
But if beneath the favour of miſtake,

Thy ſmile's ſincere; not more ſincere can be
Lorenzo's ſmile, than my compaſſion for him.
The ſick in body call for aid; the ſick
In mind are covetous of more diſeaſe;
And when at worſt, they dream themſelves quite well.
To know ourſelves diſeas'd, is half our cure.
When Nature's bluſh by cuſtom is wip'd off,
And conſcience, deaden'd by repeated ſtrokes,
Has into manners naturaliz'd our crimes;
The curſe of curſes is, our curſe to love;
To triumph in the blackneſs of our guilt,
(As Indians glory in the deepeſt jet,)
And throw aſide our ſenſes with our peace.

But grant no guilt, no ſhame, no leaſt alloy;
Grant joy and glory, quite unſully'd, ſhone;
Yet ſtill it ill deſerves Lorenzo's heart.
No joy, no glory, glitters in thy ſight,
But, thro' the thin partition of an hour,
I ſee its ſables wove by Deſtiny;
And that in ſorrow bury'd; this, in ſhame;
While howling furies ring the doleful knell;
And conſcience, now ſo ſoft, thou ſcarce canſt hear
Her whiſper, echoes her eternal peal.

Where the prime actors of the laſt year's ſcene;
Their port ſo proud, their buſkin, and their plume?
How many ſleep, who kept the world awake
With luſtre and with noiſe! Has Death proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandiſh'd ſtill, nor ſhall the preſent year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or ſpread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needleſs monuments to wake the thought:
Life's gayeſt ſcenes ſpeak man's mortality;
Tho' in a ſtyle more florid, full as plain,
As Mauſoleum's, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our nobleſt ornaments, but deaths
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well-ſtain'd canvas, or the featur'd ſtone?

Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the ſcene;
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"Profeſs'd diverſions! cannot theſe eſcape?"—
Far from it: theſe preſent us with a ſhroud;
And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.
As ſome bold plunderers for bury'd wealth,
We ranſack tombs for paſtime; from the duſt
Call up the ſleeping hero; bid him tread
The ſcene for our amuſement: how like gods
We ſit! and, wrapp'd in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget our own.
What all the pomps, and triumphs, of our lives,
But legacies in bloſſom? Our lean ſoil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, ſhall we crawl on, nor know
Our preſent frailties, or approaching fate?
Lorenzo! ſuch the glories of the world!
What is the world itſelf? Thy world?—A grave!
Where is the duſt that has not been alive?
The ſpade, the plough, diſturb our anceſtors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow ſurface ſhakes,
And is the cieling of her ſleeping ſons.
O'er devaſtation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd town's ſupport the dancer's heel.
The moiſt of human frame the ſun exhales;
Winds ſcatter, thro' the mighty void, the dry;
Earth repoſſeſſes part of what ſhe gave;
And the freed ſpirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our ſcatter'd ſpoils;
As Nature, wide, our ruins ſpread: man's death
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.
Nor man alone; his breathing buſt expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: Where, now,
The Roman? Greek? they ſtalk, an empty name!

Yet few regard them in this uſeful light;
Tho' half our learning is their epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight-thought,
That loves to wander in thy ſunleſs realms,
O Death, I ſtretch my view; what viſions riſe!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels, glide before my ſight!
What length of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unſubſtantial images of air!
The melancholy ghoſts of dead renown,
Whiſp'ring faint echoes of the world's applauſe,
With penitential aſpect as they paſs,
All point at earth, and hiſs at human pride,
The wiſdom of the wiſe, and prancings of the great.
But, O Lorenzo! far the reſt above,
Of ghaſtly nature, and enormous ſize,
One forms aſſaults my ſight, and chills my blood,
And ſhakes my frame. Of one departed world
I ſee the mighty ſhadow: oozy wreath
And diſmal ſea-weed crown her: o'er her urn
Reclin'd, ſhe weeps her deſolated realms,
And bloated ſons; and, weeping, propheſies
Another's diſſolution, ſoon, in flames;
But, like Caſſandra, propheſies in vain;
In vain, to many; not, I truſt, to thee.
For, know'ſt thou not, or art thou loth to know,
The great decree, the counſel of the ſkies?
Deluge and conflagration, dreadful powers!
Prime miniſters of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Diſtinct, apart the giant furies roar;
Apart; or ſuch their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they riſe, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for this, ordain'd their boundleſs rage;
When Heav'n's inferior inſtruments of wrath,
War, famine, peſtilence, are found too weak
To ſcourge a world for her enormous crimes,

These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,
Swift and tempestous, from th' eternal throne
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man?
The fate of nature; as for man, her birth.
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! At the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take, by storm,
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain height
Outburns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft,
More than astonishment! if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!
Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
Far other sun!—a sun, O how unlike
The Babe at Bethle'm! how unlike the Man
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet He it is;
That Man of sorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!
In grandeur terrible all heav'n descends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our æther, flames.
While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!

Hell, burſting, belches forth her blazing ſeas,
And ſtorms ſulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
Lorenzo! welcome to this ſcene; the laſt
In Nature's courſe; the firſt in Wiſdom's thought.
This ſtrikes, if aught can ſtrike thee; this awakes
The moſt ſupine; this ſnatches man from death.
Rouſe, rouſe, Lorenzo! then, and follow me,
Where truth, the moſt momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my ſoul, and ardor wings her flight.
I find my inſpiration in my theme;
The grandeur of my ſubject is my muſe.
At midnight, when mankind is wrapt in peace,
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,
To give more dread to man's moſt dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this pomp will burſt
From tenfold darkneſs; ſudden as the ſpark
From ſmitten ſteel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
Man, ſtarting from his couch, ſhall ſleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more ſhall cloſe!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All Nature ſtruggling in the pangs of death!
Doſt thou not hear her? doſt thou not deplore
Her ſtrong convulſions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone,
On which we ſtood, Lorenzo! while thou may'ſt,
Provide more firm ſupport, or ſink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for ſhelter, ſhall the guilty fly,
When conſternation turns the good man pale?
Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which earth roſe from chaos; man from earth;
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Deſcended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, deciſion, and deſpair!
At thought of thee, each ſublunary wiſh

Lets go its eager graſp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.
At thought of thee!—and art thou abſent, then?
Lorenzo! no; 'tis here;—it is begun;—
Already is begun the grand aſſize,
In thee, in all; deputed conſcience ſcales
The dread tribunal, and foreſtalls our doom;
Foreſtalls; and, by foreſtalling, proves it ſure.
Why on himſelf ſhould man void judgment paſs?
Is idle Nature laughing at her ſons?
Who Conſcience ſent, her ſentence will ſupport,
And GOD above aſſert that GOD in man.

Thrice happy they! that enter now the court
Heav'n opens in their boſoms: but, how rare!
Ah me! that magnanimity how rare!
What hero, like the man who ſtands himſelf?
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone?
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Reſolv'd to ſilence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? no:) the coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks ſlightly; aſks, but fears to know;
Aſks, "What is Truth?" with Pilate; and retires;
Diſſolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Aſylum ſad! from reaſon, hope, and heav'n!

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?
O day of conſummation! mark ſupreme
(If men are wiſe) of human thought! nor leaſt,
Or in the ſight of angels, or their KING!
Angels, whoſe radiant circles, height o'er her height,
Order o'er order riſing, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, ſurround this ſcene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate,
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their LORD,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation univerſal calls aloud,
To diſ-involve the moral world, and give

To Nature's renovation brighter charms.
Shall man alone, whoſe fate, whoſe final fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing elſe; I ſee! I feel it!
All Nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!
All Deities, like ſummer's ſwarms, on wing!
All baſking in the full meridian blaze!
I ſee the JUDGE enthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
A ſun-beam pointing out each ſecret thought!
No patron! interceſſor none! now paſt
The ſweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain no pauſe! no bound!
Inexorable all! and all, extreme!
Nor man alone; the foe of GOD and man,
From his dark den, blaſpheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder ſcarr'd;
Receives his ſentence, and begins his hell.
All vengeance paſt, now, ſeems abundant grace:
Like meteors in a ſtormy ſky, how roll
His baleful eyes! he curſes whom he dreads;
And deems it the firſt moment of his fall.
'Tis preſent to my thought!—and yet where is it?
Angels can't tell me; angels cannot gueſs
The period; from created beings lock'd
In darkneſs. But the proceſs, and the place,
Are leſs obſcure; for theſe may man inquire.
Say, thou great cloſe of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finiſher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! ſay, where art thou?
Art thou in time, or in eternity?
Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee.
Theſe, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all claps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in debate, how beſt their pow'rs ally'd
May ſwell the grandeur, or diſcharge the wrath,
Of HIM, whom both their monarchies obey.
Time, this vaſt fabric for him built (and doom'd

With him to fall) now burſting o'er his head;
His lamp, the ſun, extinguiſh'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkneſs, calls his ſons
From their long ſlumber; from earth's heaving womb,
To ſecond birth; contemporary throng!
Rous'd at one call, upſtarting from one bed,
Preſs'd in one crowd, appal'd with one amaze,
He turns them o'er, Eternity! to thee.
Then (as a king depos'd diſdains to live)
He falls on his own ſcythe; nor falls alone;
His greateſt foe falls with him; Time, and he
Who murder'd all Time's offspring, Death, expire.
Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
Awful Eternity! offended queen!
And her reſentment to mankind, how juſt!
With kind intent ſoliciting acceſs,
How often has ſhe knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hoſpitality,
How often call'd! and with the voice of GOD!
Yet bore repulſe, excluded as a cheat;
A dream! while ſouleſt foes found welcome there!
A dream, a cheat, now, all things, but her ſmile.
For, lo! her twice ten thouſand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners ſtreaming as the comet's blaze,
And clarions louder than the deep in ſtorms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,
Of light, and darkneſs; in a middle field!
Wide, as Creation! populous, as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whoſe preceding ſcenes
Detain'd them cloſe ſpectators, thro' a length
Of ages, ripening to this grand reſult;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by GOD;
Who now, pronouncing ſentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
Eternity, the various ſentence paſt,

Aſſigns the ſever'd throng diſtinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambroſial: what enſues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of Heav'n.
The goddeſs, with determin'd aſpect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous ſize
Thro' Deſtiny's inextricable wards,
Deep-driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates.
Then from the cryſtal battlements of Heav'n
Down, down, ſhe hurls it thro' the dark profound,
Ten thouſand thouſand fathom; there to ruſt,
And ne'er unlock her reſolution more.
The deep reſounds; and hell, thro' all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.
O how unlike the chorus of the ſkies!
O how unlike thoſe ſhouts of joy, that ſhake
The whole Etherial! how the concave rings!
Nor ſtrange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far than when Creation roſe,
To ſee Creation's godlike aim and end
So well accompliſh'd! ſo divinely clos'd!
To ſee the mighty Dramatiſt's laſt act
(As meet) in glory riſing o'er the reſt.
No fancy'd GOD, a GOD indeed, deſcends
To ſolve all knots; to ſtrike the moral home;
To throw full day on darkeſt ſcenes of Time;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown, the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praiſe,
The charm'd ſpectators thunder their applauſe;
And the vaſt void beyond, applauſe reſounds.
WHAT THEN AM I?——
Amidſt applauding worlds,
And worlds celeſtial, is there found on earth,
A peeviſh, diſſonant, rebellious ſtring,
Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains?
Cenſure on thee, Lorenzo! I ſuſpend,
And turn it on myſelf; how greatly due!
All, all, is right, by GOD ordain'd, or done;

And who, but GOD, reſum'd the friends He gave?
And have I been complaining, then, ſo long?
Complaining of his favours; Pain, and Death?
Who, without Pain's advice, would e'er be good?
Who, without Death, but would be good in vain?
Pain is to ſave from Pain; all puniſhment,
To make for Peace; and death to ſave from Death:
And ſecond death, to guard immortal life;
To rouze the careleſs, the preſumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of ſouls another way;
By the ſame tenderneſs divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man
A fairer Eden, endleſs, in the ſkies.

Heav'n gives us friends, to bleſs the preſent ſcene;
Reſumes them, to prepare us for the next.
All evils natural are moral goods;
All diſcipline, indulgence on the whole.
None are unhappy; all have cauſe to ſmile,
But ſuch as to themſelves that cauſe deny.
Our faults are at the bottom of our pains;
Error, in act or judgment, is the ſource
Of endleſs ſighs: we ſin, or we miſtake,
And Nature tax, when falſe Opinion ſtings.
Let impious grief be baniſh'd, joy indulg'd;
But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim.
Joy from the joyous, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in wo.
Joy, amidſt ills, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy, and conqueſt; joy, and virtue too.
A noble fortitude in ills delights
Heav'n, earth, ourſelves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's ſhining ſcene;
Proſperity conceals his brighteſt ray;
As Night to ſtars, Wo luſtre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the ſtorm,
And virtue in calamities, admire.
The crown of manhood is a winter joy;
An ever-green, that ſtands the Northern blaſt,

And bloſſoms in the rigour of our fate.
'Tis a prime part of happineſs, to know
How much unhappineſs muſt prove our lot;
A part which few poſſeſs! I'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it miſery to be a man;
Who thinks it is, ſhall never be a God.
Some ills we wiſh for, when we wiſh to live. [loſt!"
What ſpoke proud Paſſion?—" * Wiſh my being
Preſumptuous! blaſphemous! abſurd! and falſe!
The triumph of my ſoul is,—that I am,
And therefore that I may be—what? Lorenzo!
Look inward, and look deep; and deeper ſtill;
Unfathomably deep our treaſure runs
In golden veins, thro' all eternity!
Ages, and ages, and ſucceeding ſtill
New ages, where this phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull ſlumber for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praiſe,
And fly thro' infinite; and all unlock;
And (if deſerv'd) by Heav'n's redundant love,
Made half-adorable itſelf, adore;
And find, in adoration, endleſs joy!
Where thou, not maſter of a moment here,
Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,
May'ſt boaſt a whole eternity, enrich'd
With all a kind Omnipotence can pour.
Since Adam fell, no mortal, un-inſpir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever ſhall,
How kind is GOD, how great (if good) is man.
No man too largely from Heav'n's love can hope,
If what is hop'd he labours to ſecure.
Ills?—there are none: All-gracious! none from thee:
From man full many! num'rous is the race
Of blackeſt ills, and thoſe immortal too,
Begot by Madneſs on fair Liberty;
Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd! her hand alone
Unlocks deſtruction to the ſons of men,

* Referring to Night the Firſt.

Faſt barr'd by thine; high-wall'd with adamant,
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;
Whoſe threats are mercies, whoſe injunctions guides,
Aſſiſting, not reſtraining, Reaſon's choice;
Whoſe ſanctions, unavoidable reſults
From Nature's courſe, indulgently reveal'd;
If unreveal'd, more dang'rous, not leſs ſure.
Thus, an indulgent father warns his ſons,
"Do this; fly that;"—nor always tells the cauſe;
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repoſe.
Great GOD of wonders! (if, thy love ſurvey'd,
Aught elſe the name of wonderful retains)
What rocks are theſe, on which to build our truſt?
Thy ways admit no blemiſh; none I find;
Or this alone—"that none is to be found."
Not one, to ſoften Cenſure's hardy crime;
Not one, to palliate peeviſh Grief's COMPLAINT,
Who, like a dæmon, murm'ring from the duſt,
Dares into judgment call her Judge.—SUPREME!
For all I bleſs thee; moſt, for the ſevere;
* Her death—my own at hand—the fiery gulph,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders;——but it thunders to preſerve;
It ſtrengthens what it ſtrikes; its wholeſome dread
Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
Join Heav'n's ſweet hallelujahs in thy praiſe,
Great Source of good alone! how kind in all!
In vengeance, kind! Pain, Death, Gehenna, SAVE.
Thus, in thy world Material, Mighty mind!
Not that alone which ſolaces, and ſhines,
The rough and gloomy, challenges our praiſe.
The winter is as needful as the ſpring;
The thunder, as the ſun; a ſtagnant maſs
Of vapours breeds a peſtilential air;
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To Nature's health, than purifying ſtorms;

* LUCIA.

The dread Volcano miniſters to good.
Its ſmother'd flames might undermine the world.
Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man;
Comets good omens are, when duly ſcann'd;
And, in their uſe, eclipſes learn to ſhine.
Man is reſponſible for ills receiv'd;
Thoſe we call wretched are a choſen band,
Compell'd to refuge in the right, for peace.
Amidſt thy liſt of bleſſings infinite,
Stand this the foremoſt, "That my heart has bled."
'Tis Heav'n's laſt effort of good-will to man;
When pain can't bleſs, Heav'n quits us in deſpair.
Who fails to grieve, when juſt occaſion calls,
Or grieves too much, deſerves not to be bleſt;
Inhuman, or effeminate his heart:
Reaſon abſolves the grief, which reaſon ends.
May Heav'n ne'er truſt my friend with happineſs,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and make it ſafe to ſmile!
Such ſmiles are mine, and ſuch may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinction, from exceſs.
My change of heart a change of ſtyle demands;
The CONSOLATION cancels the COMPLAINT,
And makes a convert of my guilty ſong.
As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller, ſome riſing ground,
Some ſmall aſcent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And meaſures with his eye the various vale,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers he has paſt;
And, ſatiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by diſtance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, though ſmall indeed is that aſcent
The muſe has gain'd, review the paths ſhe trod;
Various, extenſive, beaten but by few;
And conſcious of her prudence in repoſe,
Pauſe; and with pleaſure meditate an end,
Though ſtill remote; ſo fruitful is my theme.
Through many a field of moral, and divine,

The muſe has ſtray'd; and much of ſorrow ſeen
In human ways; and much of falſe and vain;
Which none, who travel this bad road, can miſs.
O'er friends deceas'd full heartily ſhe wept;
Of love divine the wonders ſhe diſplay'd;
Prov'd man immortal; ſhew'd the ſource of joy;
The grand tribunal rais'd; aſſign'd the bounds
Of human grief: in few, to cloſe the whole,
The moral muſe has ſhadow'd out a ſketch,
Tho' not in form, nor with a Raphael ſtroke,
Of moſt our weakneſs needs believe, or do,
In this our land of travel, and of hope,
For peace on earth, or proſpect of the ſkies.
What then remains?—Much, much! a mighty debt
To be diſcharg'd: Theſe thoughts, ONight! are thine;
From thee they came, like lovers ſecret ſighs,
While others ſlept. So, Cynthia (poets feign)
In ſhadows veil'd, ſoft-ſliding from her ſphere,
Her ſhepherd cheer'd; of her enamour'd leſs,
Than I of thee.——And art thou ſtill unſung,
Beneath whoſe brow, and by whoſe aid, I ſing?
Immortal Silence!—Where ſhall I begin?
Where end? or how ſteal muſic from the ſpheres,
To ſoothe their goddeſs?

O majeſtic Night!
Nature's great anceſtor! Day's elder-born!
And fated to ſurvive the tranſient ſun!
By mortals, and immortals, ſeen with awe!
A ſtarry crown thy raven-brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waiſt; clouds, in heav'n's loom
Wrought thro' varieties of ſhape and ſhade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heav'n throughout,
Voluminouſly pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (Nature's moſt auguſt,
Inſpiring aſpect!) claim a grateful verſe;
And, like a ſable curtain ſtarr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours paſt, ſhall cloſe the ſcene.

And what, O Man! ſo worthy to be ſung?
What more prepares us for the ſongs of heav'n!
Creation, of archangels is the theme!
What, to be ſung, ſo needful? what ſo well
Celeſtial joys prepares us to ſuſtain?
The ſoul of man, HIS face deſign'd to ſee,
Who gave theſe wonders to be ſeen by man,
Has here a previous ſcene of objects great,
On which to dwell; to ſtretch to that expanſe
Of thought, to riſe to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that ſtrength,
Which beſt may qualify for final joy.
The more our ſpirits are enlarg'd on earth,
The deeper draught ſhall they receive of heav'n.
Heav'n's King! whoſe face unveil'd conſummates bliſs;
Redundant bliſs! which fills that mighty void,
The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
Thou who didſt touch the lip of Jeſſe's ſon,
Wrapt in ſweet contemplation of theſe fires,
And ſet his harp in concert with the ſpheres!
While of thy works material the Supreme
I dare attempt, aſſiſt my daring ſong.
Looſe me from earth's incloſure, from the ſun's
Contracted circle ſet my heart at large;
Eliminate my ſpirit, give it range
Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this ſtupendous ſcaffolding,
Creation's golden ſteps, to climb to Thee.
Teach me with art great Nature to controul,
And ſpread a luſtre o'er the ſhades of night.
Feel I thy kind aſſent? and ſhall the ſun
Be ſeen at midnight, riſing in my ſong? [heart,
Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou, whoſe
Whoſe little heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obſcure terreſtrial, anchor weigh.
Another ocean calls, a nobler port;

I am thy pilot, I thy proſperous gale.
Gainful thy voyage through you azure main;
Main, without tempeſt, pirate, rock, or ſhore;
And whence thou may'ſt import eternal wealth;
And leave to beggar'd minds the pearl and gold.
Thy travels doſt thou boaſt o'er foreign realms?
Thou ſtranger to the world! thy tour begin;
Thy tour through Nature's univerſal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
On ſoaring ſouls, that ſail among the ſpheres;
And man how purblind, if unknown the whole?
Who circles ſpacious earth, then travels here,
Shall own, he never was from home before!
Come, my Prometheus *, from thy pointed rock
Of falſe ambition if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll, innocently, ſteal celeſtial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the ſtars;
A theft that ſhall not chain, but ſet thee free.
Above our atmoſphere's inteſtine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
Above the northern neſts of feather'd ſnows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning; 'bove the caves
Where infant-tempeſts wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which ſoon, perhaps, ſhall ſhake a guilty world;
Above miſconſtru'd omens of the ſky,
Far-travel'd comets' calculated blaze;
Elance thy thought, and think of more than man.
Thy ſoul, till now, contracted, wither'd, ſhrunk,
Blighted by blaſts of earth's unwholſome air,
Will bloſſom here; ſpread all her faculties
To theſe bright ardors; ev'ry pow'r unfold,
And riſe into ſublimities of thought.
Stars teach, as well as ſhine. At Nature's birth,
Thus, their commiſſion ran——"Be kind to man."
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller!
The ſtars will light thee; tho' the moon ſhould fail.

* Night the Eighth.

Where art thou, more benighted! more aſtray!
In ways immoral? The ſtars call thee back;
And, if obey'd their counſel, ſet thee right.
This proſpect vaſt, what is it?—Weigh'd aright,
'Tis Nature's ſyſtem of divinity,
And ev'ry ſtudent of the night inſpires.
'Tis elder ſcripture, writ by God's own hand;
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo! with my radius (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Its various leſſons; ſome that may ſurpriſe
An un-adept in myſteries of night;
Little, perhaps, expected in her ſchool,
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on ſtar.
Bulls, lions, ſcorpions, monſters, here we feign;
Ourſelves more monſtrous, not to ſee what here
Exiſts indeed;—a lecture to mankind.
What read we here?—th' exiſtence of a GOD?—
Yes; and of other beings, man above;
Natives of ether! ſons of higher climes!
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
Eternity is written in the ſkies.
And whoſe eternity?—Lorenzo! thine;
Mankind's eternity. Nor faith alone,
Virtue grows here; here ſprings the ſov'reign cure
Of almoſt ev'ry vice; but chiefly thine;
Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure deſire.
Lorenzo! thou canſt wake at midnight too,
Tho' not on morals bent: ambition, pleaſure!
Thoſe tyrants I for thee ſo lately fought *,
Afford their harraſs'd ſlaves but ſlender reſt.
Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon,
And the ſun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day;
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our Antipodes!
In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
'Twixt ſtage and ſtage of riot and cabal;
And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,

* Night the Eighth.

If bold, to meet the face of injur'd Heav'n),
To yonder ſtars: for other ends they ſhine,
Than to light travellers from ſhame to ſhame,
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.
Why from yon arch, that infinite of ſpace,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which ſet the living firmament on fire,
At the firſt glance, in ſuch an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Ruſhes Omnipotence?——to curb our pride;
Our reaſon rouſe, and lead it to that Pow'r,
Whoſe love lets down theſe ſilver chains of light;
To draw up man's ambition to himſelf,
And bind our chaſte affections to his throne.
Thus the three virtues leaſt alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heav'n's coaſt with moſt applauſe,
An humble, pure, and heav'nly-minded heart,
Are here inſpir'd:—and canſt thou gaze too long?
Nor ſtands thy wrath depriv'd of its reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each ſyſtem repreſent
Kind neighbours! mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlightning, and enlighten'd! all, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! patriot-like,
None ſins againſt the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unſelfiſh aid,
Affords an emblem of millenial love.
Nothing in nature, much leſs conſcious being,
Was e'er created ſolely for itſelf:
Thus man his ſov'reign duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.
And know, of all our ſupercilious race,
Thou moſt inflammable! thou waſp of man!
Man's angry heart, inſpected, would be found
As rightly ſet, as are the ſtarry ſpheres;
'Tis Nature's ſtructure, broke by ſtubborn will,
Breeds all that un-celeſtial diſcord there.

Wilt thou not feel the bias Nature gave?
Canſt thou deſcend from converſe with the ſkies,
And ſeize thy brother's throat?—for what?—a clod,
An inch of earth? The planets cry, "Forbear:"
They chace our double darkneſs; Nature's gloom,
And (kinder ſtill!) our intellectual night.
And ſee, Day's amiable ſiſter ſends
Her invitation, in the ſofteſt rays
Of mitigated luſtre; courts thy ſight,
Which ſuffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the ſkies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With gain, and joy, ſhe bribes thee to be wiſe.
Night opes the nobleſt ſcenes, and ſheds an awe,
Which gives thoſe venerable ſcenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
While light peeps thro' the darkneſs, like a ſpy;
And darkneſs ſhews its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the profit greater than the joy,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inſpire delight.
What ſpeak I more, than I, this moment, feel?
With pleaſing ſtupor firſt the ſoul is ſtruck,
(Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wiſe!)
Then into tranſport ſtarting from her trance,
With love and admiration how ſhe glows!
This gorgeous apparatus! this diſplay!
This oſtentation of creative power!
This theatre!——what eye can take it in?
By what divine inchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the firſt magnitude to launch
In endleſs ſpeculation, and adore?
Our ſun by day, by night ten thouſand ſhine;
And light us deep into the DEITY;
How boundleſs in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of etherial fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the ſteep of heav'n,
Streams to a point, and centres in my ſight!

Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart.
My heart at once it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in duſt, and calls it to the ſkies.
Who ſees it unexalted, or unaw'd?
Who ſees it, and can ſtop at what is ſeen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy Him who made it! worthy praiſe!
All praiſe! praiſe more than human! nor deny'd
Thy praiſe divine!—But tho' man, drown'd in ſleep,
With-holds his homage, not alone I wake:
Bright legions ſwarm unſeen, and ſing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this his univerſal temple, hung
With luſtres, with innumerable lights,
That ſhed religion on the ſoul; at once,
The temple, and the preacher. O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of Night!
Devotion! daughter of aſtronomy!
An undevout aſtronomer is mad.
True; all things ſpeak a GOD; but in the ſmall,
Men trace him out; in great, he ſeizes man;
Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid aſſociates new.
Tell me, ye ſtars! ye planets! tell me, all
Ye ſtarr'd and planeted inhabitants! what is it?
What are theſe ſons of wonder? Say, proud arch!
(Within whoſe azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition! in diſdain
Of limit built! built in the taſte of Heav'n!
Vaſt concave! ample dome! waſt thou deſign'd
A meet apartment for the DEITY?——
Not ſo; that thought alone thy ſtate impairs,
Thy lofty ſinks, and ſhallows thy profound,
And ſtraitens thy diffuſive; dwarfs the whole,
And makes an univerſe an orrery.
But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is reſtor'd,

O Nature! wide flies off th' expanding round.
As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The ſmitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vaſt diſploſion diſſipates the clouds;
Shock'd ether's billows daſh the diſtant skies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a ſpacious womb,
Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd
Thy luminaries triumph, and aſſume
Divinity themſelves. Nor was it ſtrange,
Matter high-wrought to ſuch ſurpriſing pomp,
Such godlike glory, ſtole the ſtyle of gods,
From ages dark, obtuſe, and ſteep'd in ſenſe;
For, ſure, to ſenſe, they truly are divine,
And half abſolv'd idolatry from guilt;
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it was
In thoſe, who put forth all they had of man
Unloſt, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;
But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd; and thought
What was their higheſt, muſt be their ador'd.
But they how weak, who could no higher mount!
And are there, then, Lorenzo! thoſe, to whom
Unſeen, and unexiſtent, are the ſame?
And if incomprehenſible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madneſs to believe?
Why has the mighty BUILDER thrown aſide
All meaſure in his work; ſtretch'd out his line
So far, and ſpread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as he took delight in wide extremes)
Deep in the boſom of the univerſe,
Dropp'd down that reaſoning mite, that inſect, man,
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the ſcene?—
That man might ne'er preſume to plead amazement
For diſbelief of wonders in himſelf.
Shall GOD be leſs miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd? ſhall myſteries deſcend
From un-myſterious? things more elevate,
Be more familiar? uncreated ly

More obvious than created, to the graſp
Of human thought? the more of wonderful
Is heard in him, the more we ſhould aſſent.
Could we conceive him, GOD he could not be
Or he not GOD, or we could not be men.
A GOD alone can comprehend a GOD;
Man's diſtance how immenſe! On ſuch a theme,
Know this, Lorenzo! (ſeem it ne'er ſo ſtrange),
Nothing can ſatisfy, but what confounds;
Nothing but what aſtoniſhes is true.
The ſcenes thou ſeeſt atteſts the truth I ſing,
And ev'ry ſtar ſheds light upon thy creed.
Theſe ſtars, this furniture, this coſt of heav'n,
If but reported, thou hadſt ne'er believ'd;
But thine eyes tell thee, the romance is true.
The grand of Nature is th' Almighty's oath,
In Reaſon's court, to ſilence Unbelief.
How my mind, op'ning at this ſcene, imbibes
The moral emanations of the skies,
While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo leſs admires!
Has the great Sov'reign ſent ten thouſand worlds
To tell us, He reſides above them all,
In glory's unapproachable receſs?
And dare earth's bold inhabitants deny
The ſumptuous, the magnific embaſſy
A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart
For man's emolument; ſole cauſe that ſtoops
Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouſe;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole.
Who ſees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces Reaſon, or a GOD adores?
Mankind was ſent into the world to ſee;
Sight gives the ſcience needful to their peace;
That obvious ſcience aſks ſmall learning's aid.
Wouldſt thou on metaphyſic-pinions ſoar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?

Or travel hiſtory's enormous round?
Nature no ſuch hard taſk enjoins: ſhe gave
A make to man directive of his thought;
A make ſet upright, pointing to the ſtars,
As who ſhall ſay, "Read thy chief leſſon there."
Too late to read this manuſcript of heav'n,
When, like a parchment-ſcroll, ſhrunk up by flames,
It folds Lorenzo's leſſon from his ſight.
Leſſon how various! Not the God alone,
I ſee his miniſters; I ſee, diffus'd
In radiant orders, eſſences ſublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,
In heav'nly liveries diſtinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they ſtand, with wings outſpread,
Liſt'ning to catch the Maſter's leaſt command,
And fly thro' Nature, ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!——Well conceiv'd
By Pagan, and by Chriſtian! o'er each ſphere
Preſides an angel, to direct its courſe,
And feed or fan its flames; or to diſcharge
Other high truſts unknown. For who can ſee
Such pomp of matter, and imagine Mind,
For which alone Inanimate was made,
More ſparingly diſpens'd? that nobler ſon,
Far liker the great Sire!——'Tis thus the skies
Inform us of ſuperiors numberleſs,
As much, in excellence, above mankind,
As above earth, in magnitude, the ſpheres.
Theſe, as a cloud of witneſſes, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
Perhaps a thouſand demigods deſcend
On ev'ry beam we ſee, to walk with men.
Awful reflection! ſtrong reſtraint from ill!
Yet here our virtue finds ſtill ſtronger aid
From theſe ethereal glories ſenſe ſurveys.
Something, like magic, ſtrikes from this blue vault;
With juſt attention is it view'd? we feel

A ſudden ſuccour, un-implor'd, unthought;
Nature herſelf does half the work of man.
Seas, rivers, mountains, foreſts, deſerts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of ſubterranean, excavated grots,
Black-brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From Nature's ſtructure, or the ſcoop of Time;
If ample of dimenſion, vaſt of ſize,
Ev'n theſe an aggrandizing impulſe give;
Of ſolemn thought enthuſiaſtic heights
Ev'n theſe infuſe.——But what of vaſt in theſe?
Nothing;—or we muſt own the ſkies forgot.
Much leſs in art.——Vain Art! thou pigmy pow'r!
How doſt thou ſwell, and ſtrut, with human pride,
To ſhew thy littleneſs! what childiſh toys,
Thy wat'ry columns ſquirted to the clouds!
Thy baſon'd rivers, and impriſon'd ſeas!
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
Thy hundred-gated capitals! or thoſe
Where three days travel left us much to ride;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immenſe,
Or nodding gardens pendent in mid-air!
Or temples proud to meet their gods half-way!
Yet theſe affect us in no common kind.
What then the force of ſuch ſuperior ſcenes!
Enter a temple, it will ſtrike an awe:
What awe from this the DEITY has built!
A good man ſeen, tho' ſilent, counſel gives:
The touch'd ſpectator wiſhes to be wiſe;
In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
Here we ſee ſomething like the face of God.
Seems it not then enough to ſay, Lorenzo!
To man abandon'd, "Haſt thou ſeen the ſkies?"

And yet, ſo thwarted Nature's kind deſign
By daring man, he makes her ſacred awe
(That guard from ill) his ſhelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts

Celeſtial Art's intent. The trembling ſtars
See crimes gigantic, ſtalking thro' the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night ſtill darker by their deeds.
Slumb'ring in covert till the ſhades deſcend,
Rapine, and Murder, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miſer earths his treaſure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half beggars him ere morn.
Now Plots, and foul Conſpiracies, awake;
And muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havoc and devaſtation they prepare,
And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.
Now ſons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What ſhall I do?—ſuppreſs it? or proclaim?—
Why ſleeps the thunder? now, Lorenzo! now,
His beſt friend's couch the rank adulterer
Aſcends ſecure; and laughs at gods and men.
Prepoſt'rous madmen, void of fear or ſhame,
Lay their crimes bare to theſe chaſte eyes of heav'n;
Yet ſhrink, and ſhudder, at a mortal's ſight.
Were moon, and ſtars, for villains only made?
To guide, yet ſcreen them, with tenebrious light?
No; they were made to faſhion the ſublime
Of human hearts, and wiſer make the wiſe.
  Theſe ends were anſwer'd once; when mortals liv'd
Of ſtronger wing, of aquiline aſcent,
In theory ſublime. O how unlike
Thoſe vermin of the night, this moment ſung,
Who crawl on earth, and on her venom feed!
Thoſe ancient ſages, human ſtars! they met
Their brothers of the ſkies, at midnight hour;
Their counſel aſk'd; and, what they aſk'd, obey'd.
The Stagyrite, and Plato, he who drank
The poiſon'd bowl, and he of Tuſculum,
With him of Corduba, (immortal names!)
In theſe unbounded and Elyſian walks,
An area fit for gods, and godlike men,
They took their nightly round, thro' radiant paths

By Seraphs trod; inſtructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in their bright footſteps here below;
To walk in worth ſtill brighter than the ſkies.
There they contracted their contempt of earth;
Of hopes eternal kindled, there, the fire;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great viſitants!) more intimate with GOD,
More worth to men, more joyous to themſelves.
Thro' various virtues, they, with ardor, ran
The zodiac of their learn'd, illuſtrious lives.
In Chriſtian hearts, O for a Pagan zeal!
A needful, but opprobrious pray'r! as much
Our ardor leſs, as greater is our light.
How monſtrous this in morals! ſcarce more ſtrange
Would this phænomenon in nature ſtrike,
A ſun that froze us, or a ſtar that warm'd.
What taught theſe heroes of the moral world?
To theſe thou giv'ſt thy praiſe, give credit too.
Theſe doctors ne'er were penſion'd to deceive thee;
And Pagan tutors are thy taſte.—They taught,
That narrow views betray to miſery:
That wiſe it is to comprehend the whole:
That Virtue roſe from Nature, ponder'd well,
The ſingle baſe of virtue built to heav'n:
That GOD and Nature our attention claim:
That Nature is the glaſs reflecting GOD,
As, by the ſea, reflected is the ſun,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on his ſphere:
That mind immortal loves immortal aims:
That boundleſs mind affects a boundleſs ſpace:
That vaſt ſurveys, and the ſublime of things,
The ſoul aſſimilate, and make her great:
That, therefore, heav'n her glories, as a fund
Of inſpiration, thus ſpreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines; ſuch the Night inſpir'd.
And what more true? what truth of greater weight?
The ſoul of man was made to walk the ſkies;
Delightful outlet of her priſon here!

There, diſencumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terreſtrial, ſhe can rove at large;
There freely can reſpire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let looſe all her pow'rs,
And, undeluded, graſp at ſomething great.
Nor, as a ſtranger, does ſhe wander there;
But, wonderful herſelf, thro' wonders ſtrays;
Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own;
Dives deep in their oeconomy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a maſter, judges not amiſs.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and juſtly proud, the ſoul
Grows conſcious of her birth celeſtial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air;
And feels herſelf at home among the ſtars;
And, feeling, emulates her country's praiſe.
What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo?
As earth the body, ſince, the ſkies ſuſtain
The ſoul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, The noble paſture of the mind;
Which there expatiates, ſtrengthens, and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it, The garden of the DEITY,
Bloſſom'd with ſtars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambroſial; moral fruit to man.
Call it, The breaſt-plate of the true High-prieſt,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of higheſt moment, right reſponſe;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.
Thus have we found a true aſtrology;
Thus have we found a new, a noble ſenſe,
In which alone ſtars govern human fates.
O that the ſtars (as ſome have feign'd) let fall
Bloodſhed, and havoc, on embattled realms,
And reſcu'd monarchs from ſo black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wiſh how gen'rous in a foe!
Wouldſt thou be great, wouldſt thou become a god,
And ſtick thy deathleſs name among the ſtars,

For mighty conqueſts on a needles point?
Inſtead of forging chains for foreigners,
Baſtile thy tutor: Grandeur all thy aim?
As yet thou know'ſt not what it is: How great,
How glorious, then, appears the mind of man,
When in it all the ſtars, and planets, roll!
And what it ſeems, it is: Great objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Thoſe ſtill more godlike, as theſe more divine.
And more divine than theſe. thou caſt not ſee.
Dazzled, o'erpower'd, with the delicious draught
Of miſcellaneous ſplendors, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate without end!
An Eden, this! a paradiſe unloſt!
I meet the DEITY in ev'ry view,
And tremble at my nakedneſs before him!
O that I could but reach the tree of life!
For here it grows, unguarded from our taſte;
No flaming ſword denies our entrance here;
Would man but gather, he might live for ever.
Lorenzo! much of moral haſt thou ſeen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond? then mark
The mathematic glories of the ſkies;
In number, weight, and meaſure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boaſted builders, Chance and Fate,
Are left to finiſh his aerial towers:
Wiſdom, and Choice, their well-known characters
Here deep impreſs; and claim it for their own.
Tho' ſplendid all, no ſplendor void of uſe;
Uſe rivals Beauty; Art contends with Pow'r;
No wanton waſte, amid effuſe expence;
The great Oeconomiſt adjuſting all
To prudent pomp, manificently wiſe.
How rich the proſpect! and for ever new!
And neweſt to the man that views it moſt;
For newer ſtill in infinite ſucceeds.
Then, theſe aerial racers, O how ſwift!
How the ſhaft loiters from the ſtrongeſt ſtring!

Spirit alone can diſtance their career.
Orb above orb aſcending without end!
Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd!
Wheel within wheel; Ezekiel! like to thine!
Like thine, it ſeems a viſion, or a dream;
Tho' ſeen, we labour to believe it true!
What involution! what extent! what ſwarms
Of worlds, that laugh at earth! immenſely great!
Immenſely diſtant from each other's ſpheres!
What then the wondrous ſpace thro' which they roll?
At once it quite ingulphs all human thought!
'Tis comprehenſion's abſolute defeat.
Nor think thou ſeeſt a wild diſorder here;
Thro' this illuſtrious chaos to the ſight,
Arrangement neat, and chaſteſt order, reign.
The path preſcrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawleſs ſallies of mankind.
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
What knots are ty'd! how ſoon are they diſſolv'd,
And ſet the ſeeming marry'd planets free!
They rove for ever, without error rove;
Confuſion unconfus'd! nor leſs admire
This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!
In motion, all! yet what profound repoſe!
What fervid action, yet no noiſe! as aw'd
To ſilence, by the preſence of their LORD;
Or huſh'd, by his command, in love to man,
And bid let fall ſoft beams on human reſt,
Reſtleſs themſelves. On yon cerulean plain,
In exultation to their GOD, and thine,
They dance, they ſing eternal jubile,
Eternal celebration of his praiſe.
But, ſince their ſong arrives not at our ear,
Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the ſight
Fair hieroglyphic of his peerleſs pow'r.
Mark, how the labyrinthian turns they take,
The circles intricate, and myſtic maze,
Weave the grand cypher of Omnipotence;

To Gods, how great! how legible to man!
Leaves ſo much wonder greater wonder ſtill?
Where are the pillars that ſupport the ſkies?
What more than Atlantean ſhoulder props
Th' incumbent load? what magic, what ſtrange art,
In fluid air theſe pond'rous orbs ſuſtains?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains?—
And ſo they are; in the high will of Heav'n,
Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all; if ſuch the dread decree.
Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The moſt gigantic ſons of earth, the broad
And tow'ring Alps, all toſt into the ſea;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves,
In time, and meaſure, exquiſite; while all
The winds, in emulation of the ſpheres,
Tune their ſonorous inſtruments aloft,
The concert ſwell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element ſuſtain'd,
And acting the ſame part, with greater ſkill,
More rapid movement, and for nobleſt ends?
More obvious ends to paſs, are not theſe ſtars
The ſeats majeſtic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of Heav'n,
At certain periods, as the SOV'REIGN nods,
Diſcharge high truſts of vengeance, or of love,
To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand deſign,
And acts more ſolemn ſtill more ſolemnize?
Ye citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effuſion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulg'd in ſuch a ſight!
A ſight ſo noble! and a ſight ſo kind!
It drops new truths at ev'ry new ſurvey!
Feels not Lorenzo ſomething ſtir within,
That ſweeps away all period? As theſe ſpheres

Meaſure duration, they no leſs inſpire
The godlike hope of ages without end.
The boundleſs ſpace, thro' which theſe rovers take
Their reſtleſs roam, ſuggeſts the ſiſter-thought
Of boundleſs Time. Thus by kind Nature's ſkill,
To man unlabour'd, that important gueſt,
Eternity, finds entrance at the ſight:
And an eternity, for man ordain'd,
Or theſe his deſtin'd midnight counſellors,
The ſtars, had never whiſper'd it to man.
Nature informs, but ne'er inſults, her ſons.
Could ſhe then kindle the moſt ardent wiſh
To diſappoint it?—that is blaſphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a ſecond article,
Momentous, as th' exiſtence of a GOD,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely ſought;
And thou mayſt read thy ſoul immortal, here.
Here, then, Lorenzo! on theſe glories dwell;
Nor want the gilt, illuminated, roof,
That calls the wretched gay to dark delights.
Aſſemblies?—this is one divinely bright!
Here, un-endanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range thro' the faireſt, and the Sultan ſcorn.
He, wiſe as thou, no creſcent holds ſo fair,
As that which on his turbant awes a world;
And thinks the Moon is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind ſuperior to the charms of Pow'r.
Thou muffled in deluſions of this life!
Can yonder Moon turn Ocean in his bed,
From ſide to ſide, in conſtant ebb and flow,
And purify from ſtench his wat'ry realms?
And fails her moral influence? wants ſhe power
To turn Lorenzo's ſtubborn tide of thought
From ſtagnating on Earth's infected ſhore,
And purge from nuiſance his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to Heav'n?
Nay, and to what thou valu'ſt more, Earth's joy?

Minds elevate, and panting for unſeen,
And defecate from ſenſe, alone obtain
Full reliſh of exiſtence un-deflower'd,
The life of life, the zeſt of worldly bliſs.
All elſe on earth amounts——to what? to this;
"Bad to be ſuffer'd; bleſſings to be left?"
Earth's richeſt inventory boaſts no more.
Of higher ſcenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze! of gazing there's no end.
O let me think!——thought too is wilder'd here:
In mid-way flight Imagination tires;
Yet ſoon re-prunes her wing to ſoar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
So great the pleaſure, ſo profound the plan!
A banquet, this, where men and angels meet,
Eat the ſame manna, mingle Earth and Heav'n.
How diſtant ſome of theſe nocturnal ſuns!
So diſtant (ſays the ſage) 'twere not abſurd
To doubt, if beams, ſet out at Nature's birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this ſo foreign world;
Tho' nothing half ſo rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll for ever: who can ſatiate ſight
In ſuch a ſcene? in ſuch an ocean wide
Of deep aſtoniſhment? where depth, height, breadth,
Are loſt in their extremes; and where to count
The thick-ſown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a Seraph's computation fails.
Now go, Ambition! boaſt thy boundleſs might
In conqueſt—o'er the tenth part of a grain.
And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tott'ring faith a ſolid baſe.
Why call for leſs than is already thine?
Thou art no novice in theology;
What is a miracle?——'tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit ſatire, on mankind;
And while it ſatisfies, it cenſures too.
To common ſenſe, great Nature's courſe proclaims

A Deity: when mankind falls aſleep,
A miracle is ſent, as an alarm,
To wake the world, and prove Him o'er again,
By recent argument, but not more ſtrong.
Say, which imports more plenitude of pow'r,
Of Nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?
To make a ſun, or ſtop his mid-career?
To countermand his orders, and ſend back
The flaming courier to the frighted Eaſt,
Warm'd and aſtoniſh'd at his ev'ning ray?
Or bid the Moon, as with her journey tir'd,
In Ajalon's ſoft flow'ry vale repoſe?
Great things are theſe; ſtill greater to create.
From Adam's bow'r look down thro' the whole train
Of miracles;——reſiſtleſs is their power?
They do not, can not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, call'd unmiraculous ſurvey,
If duly weigh'd, if rationally ſeen,
If ſeen with human eyes. The brute, indeed,
Sees nought but ſpangles here; the fool, no more.
Say'ſt thou, "The courſe of Nature governs all?"
The courſe of Nature is the art of GOD.
The miracles thou call'ſt for, this atteſt;
For ſay, could Nature Nature's courſe controul?
But miracles apart, who ſees Him not,
Nature's controuler, Author, Guide, and End?
Who turns his eye on Nature's midnight-face,
But muſt inquire—"What hand behind the ſcene,
"What arm almighty, put theſe wheeling globes
"In motion, and wound up the vaſt machine?
"Who rounded in his palm theſe ſpacious orbs?
"Who boil'd them flaming through the dark profound,
"Num'rous as glitt'ring gems of morning-dew,
"Or ſparks from populous cities in a blaze,
"And ſet the boſom of old Night on fire;
"Peopled her deſert, and made Horror ſmile?"
Or, if the military ſtyle delights thee,

(For ſtars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man)
" Who marſhals this bright hoſt? enrolls their names?
" Appoints their poſts, their marches, and returns,
" Punctual at ſtated periods? who diſbands
" Theſe vet'ran troops, their final duty done,
" If e'er diſbanded:"—He, whoſe potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd firſt their pow'rs
In Night's inglorious empire, where they ſlept
In beds of darkneſs; arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd, and diſciplin'd, and cloth'd in gold;
And call'd them out of Chaos to the field,
Where now they war with Vice and Unbelief.
O let us join this army! joining theſe,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
When brighter flames ſhall cut a darker night;
When theſe ſtrong demonſtrations of a GOD
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from the ſpheres,
And one eternal curtain cover all!
Struck at that thought, as new awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the ſtars,
To man ſtill more propitious; and their aid
(Tho' guiltleſs of idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their nobleſt name.
O ye dividers of my time! ye bright
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair kalendar diſtinctly mark'd!
Since that authentic, radiant regiſter,
Tho' man inſpects it not, ſtands good againſt him;
Since you, and years, roll on, tho' man ſtands ſtill;
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to Wiſdom; now beyond
All ſhadows of excuſe for fooling on.
Age ſmoothes our path to prudence; ſweeps aſide
The ſnares keen Appetite and Paſſion ſpread
To catch ſtray ſouls; and wo to that grey head
Whoſe folly would undo what Age has done!
Aid then, aid, all ye ſtars!—much rather, Thou,
Great ARTIST! Thou, whoſe finger ſet aright

This exquisite machine, with all its wheels,
Tho' intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight,
With such an index fair, as none can miss,
Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.
Open mine eye, dread DEITY! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see
Things as they are, unalter'd thro' the glass
Of worldly wishes. Time! Eternity!
('Tis these, mis-measur'd, ruin all mankind)
Set them before me; let me lay them both
In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
Let time appear a moment, as it is;
And let eternity's full orb, at once,
Turn on my soul, and strike it into Heav'n.
When shall I see far more than charms me now?
Gaze on Creation's model in thy breast
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?
When this vile, foreign, dust, which smothers all
That travel Earth's deep vale, shall I shake off?
When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
And, re-adopted to thy blest embrace,
Obtain her apotheosis in Thee?
Dost think, Lorenzo! this is wand'ring wide?
No, 'tis directly striking at the mark;
To wake thy dead devotion * was my point;
And how I bless Night's consecrating shades,
Which to a temple turn an universe;
Fill us with great ideas, full of heav'n,
And antidote the pestilential earth!
In ev'ry storm, that either frowns, or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in pray'r!
And what a fane is this, in which to pray!
And what a GOD must dwell in such a fane!
O what a genius must inform the skies!
And is Lorenzo's salamander heart,
Cold, and untouch'd, amidst these sacred fires!
O ye nocturnal sparks! ye glowing embers,

* Page 59.

On heav'n's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no more,
Who blaze, or die, as great JEHOVAH's breath
Or blows you, or forbears! aſſiſt my ſong;
Pour your whole influence; exorciſe his heart,
So long poſſeſs'd; and bring him back to man.
And is Lorenzo a demurrer ſtill?
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to conteſt
Truths, which, conteſted, puts thy parts to ſhame.
Nor ſhame they more Lorenzo's head than heart.
A faithleſs heart, how deſpicably ſmall!
Too ſtreight, aught great, or gen'rous, to receive!
Fill'd with an atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with Self!
And Self miſtaken! Self, that laſts an hour!
Inſtincts and paſſions, of the nobler kind,
Lie ſuffocated there; or they alone,
Reaſon apart, would wake high hope; and open,
To raviſh'd thought, that intellectual ſphere,
Where Order, Wiſdom, Goodneſs, Providence,
Their endleſs miracles of love diſplay,
And promiſe all the truly great deſire.
The mind that would be happy, muſt be great;
Great, in its wiſhes; great, in its ſurveys.
Extended views a narrow mind extend;
Puſh out its corrugate, expanſive make,
Which, ere-long, more than planets ſhall embrace.
A man of compaſs makes a man of worth;
Divine contemplate, and become divine.
As man was made for glory and for bliſs,
All littleneſs is in approach to wo;
Open thy boſom, ſet thy wiſhes wide,
And let in manhood; let in happineſs;
Admit the boundleſs theatre of thought
From nothing, up to GOD; which makes a man.
Take GOD from Nature, nothing great is left;
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing ſees;
Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;

See thy diſtreſs! how cloſe thou art beſieg'd!
Beſieg'd by Nature, the proud ſceptic's foe!
Inclos'd by theſe innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkeſt mind,
As in a golden net of Providence,
How art thou caught, ſure captive of belief!
From this thy bleſt captivity, what art,
What blaſphemy to reaſon, ſets thee free!
This ſcene is Heav'n's indulgent violence:
Canſt thou bear up againſt this tide of glory?
What is earth boſom'd in theſe ambient orbs,
But faith in GOD impos'd and preſs'd on man?
Dar'ſt thou ſtill litigate thy deſperate cauſe,
Spite of theſe num'rous, awful witneſſes,
And doubt the depoſition of the ſkies?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin!
  Laborious? 'tis impracticable quite;
To ſink beyond a doubt, in this debate,
With all his weight of wiſdom, and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool,
Some wiſh they did, but no man diſbelieves.
GOD is a ſpirit; ſpirit cannot ſtrike
Theſe groſs, material organs; GOD by man
As much is ſeen, as man a GOD can ſee.
In theſe aſtoniſhing exploits of pow'r,
What order, beauty, motion, diſtance, ſize!
Concertion of deſign, how exquiſite!
How complicate in their divine police!
Apt means! great ends! conſent to gen'ral good!—
Each attribute of theſe material gods,
So long (and that with ſpecious pleas) ador'd,
A ſep'rate conqueſt gains o'er rebel thought;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.
  Lorenzo! this may ſeem harangue to thee:
Such all is apt to ſeem that thwarts our will.
And doſt thou, then, demand a ſimple proof
Of this great maſter-moral of the ſkies,
Unſkill'd, or diſ-inclin'd, to read it there?

Since 'tis the baſis, and all drops without it,
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof inſiſts on an attentive ear;
'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And for thy notice ſtruggle with the world.
Retire;—the world ſhut out;—thy thoughts call home;——
Imagination's airy wing repreſs;——
Lock up thy ſenſes;—let no paſſion ſtir;—
Wake all to Reaſon;—let her reign alone;—
Then, in thy ſoul's deep ſilence, and the depth
Of Nature's ſilence, midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done, and ſhall inquire no more.
In nature's channel, thus the queſtions run.
" What am I? and from whence?——I nothing know
" But that I am; and, ſince I am, conclude
" Something eternal: had there ere been nought,
" Nought ſtill had been: eternal there muſt be.—
" But what eternal?—why not human race?
" And Adam's anceſtors without an end?——
" That's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince ev'ry link
" Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail;
" Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?
" Yet grant it true; new difficulties riſe;
" I'm ſtill quite out at ſea; nor ſee the ſhore.
" Whence earth, and theſe bright orbs?——eternal too?——
" Grant matter was eternal; ſtill theſe orbs
" Would want ſome other father;—much deſign
" Is ſeen in all their motions, all their makes;
" Deſign implies intelligence, and art:
" That can't be from themſelves—or man; that art
" Man ſcarce can comprehend, could man beſtow?
" And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man.—
" Who, motion, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain,
" Shot thro' vaſt maſſes of enormous weight?
" Who bid brute matter's reſtive lump aſſume

" Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
" Has matter innate motion? then each atom,
" Aſſerting its indiſputable right
" To dance, would form an univerſe of duſt;
" Has matter none? then whence theſe glorious forms,
" And boundleſs flights, from ſhapeleſs, and repos'd?
" Has matter more than motion? has it thought,
" Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
" In mathematics? has it fram'd ſuch laws,
" Which, but to gueſs, a Newton made immortal?—
" If ſo, how each ſage atom laughs at me,
" Who think a clod inferior to a man!
" If art to form, and counſel to conduct,
" And that with greater far than human ſkill,
" Reſides not in each block; a GODHEAD reigns.—
" Grant, then, inviſible, eternal *mind*;
" That granted, all is ſolv'd.—But, granting that,
" Draw I not o'er me a ſtill darker cloud?
" Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
" A being without origin, or end!——
" Hail, human liberty! there is no GOD—
" Yet, why? on either ſcheme that knot ſubſiſts;
" Subſiſt it muſt, in GOD, or human race;
" If in the laſt, how many knots beſide,
" Indiſſoluble all?—Why chuſe it there,
" Where, choſen, ſtill ſubſiſt ten thouſand more?
" Reject it where, that choſen, all the reſt
" Diſpers'd, leave Reaſon's whole horizon clear?
" This is not Reaſon's dictate: Reaſon ſays,
" Cloſe with the ſide where one grain turns the ſcale;
" What vaſt preponderance is here! can reaſon
" With louder voice exclaim——Believe a GOD?
" And reaſon heard, is the ſole mark of man.
" What things impoſſible muſt man think true,
" On any other ſyſtem! and how ſtrange
" To diſbelieve, through mere credulity!"

If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,

Let it for ever bind him to belief.
And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?—
And if a GOD there is, that GOD how great!
How great that Pow'r, whoſe providential care
Thro' theſe bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray!
Of Nature univerſal threads the whole!
And hangs creation, like a precious gem,
Tho' little, on the footſtool of his throne!
That little gem, how large! a weight let fall
From a fixt ſtar, in ages can it reach
This diſtant earth? ſay, then, Lorenzo! where,
Where ends this mighty building? where begin
The ſuburbs of creation? where, the wall
Whoſe battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-exiſtence? Nothing's ſtrange abode!
Say, at what point of ſpace JEHOVAH dropt
His ſlacken'd line, and laid his balance by;
Weigh'd worlds, and meaſur'd infinite, no more?
Where, rears his terminating pillar high
Its extra-mundane head? and ſays, to Gods,
In characters illuſtrious as the ſun,
" I ſtand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
" The work accompliſh'd; the creation clos'd:
" Shout, all ye gods; nor ſhout, ye gods alone;
" Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
" That reſts or rolls, ye heights and depths reſound!
" Reſound! reſound! ye depths and heights, reſound!"
Hard are thoſe queſtions?—anſwer harder ſtill.
Is this the ſole exploit, the ſingle birth,
The ſolitary ſon, of pow'r divine?
Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of diſtant ſpace?
Has He not bid, in various provinces,
Brother-creations the dark bowels burſt
Of night primæval; barren, now, no more?
And He the central ſun, tranſpiercing all
Thoſe giant generations, which diſport,

And dance as motes, in his meridian ray;
That ray withdrawn, benighted, or abſorb'd,
In that abyſs of horror, whence they ſprung;
While chaos triumphs, repoſſeſs'd of all
Rival creation raviſh'd from his throne?
Chaos! of Nature both the womb and grave!
Think'ſt thou my ſcheme, Lorenzo, ſpreads too wide?
Is this extravagant?—No; this is juſt;
Juſt, in conjecture, tho' 'twere falſe in fact.
If 'tis an error, 'tis an error ſprung
From noble root, high thought of the Moſt High.
But wherefore error? who can prove it ſuch?—
He that can ſet Omnipotence a bound.
Can man conceive beyond what GOD can do?
Nothing but quite-impoſſible, is hard.
He ſummons into being, with like eaſe,
A whole creation, and a ſingle grain.
Speaks he the word? a thouſand worlds are born!
A thouſand worlds?—there's ſpace for millions more;
And in what ſpace can his great *fiat* fail?
Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
The warm imagination: why condemn?—
Why not indulge ſuch thoughts, as ſwell our hearts
With fuller admiration of that Power,
Who gives our hearts with ſuch high thoughts to ſwell?
Why not indulge in his augmented praiſe?
Darts not his glory a ſtill brighter ray
The leſs is left to Chaos, and the realms
Of hideous Night, where Fancy ſtrays aghaſt;
And, tho' moſt talkative, makes no report?
Still ſeems my thought enormous? think again;
Experience 'ſelf ſhall aid thy lame belief.
Glaſſes (that revelation to the ſight!)
Have they not led us deep in the diſcloſe
Of fine-ſpun nature, exquiſitely ſmall;
And, tho' demonſtrated, ſtill ill-conceiv'd?
If, then, on the reverſe, the mind would mount
In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,

To keep the balance, and creation poiſe?
Defect alone can err on ſuch a theme;
What is too great, if we the cauſe ſurvey?
Stupendous ARCHITECT! Thou, thou art all!
My ſoul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,
And finds herſelf but at the centre ſtill!
I AM, thy name! exiſtence, all thy own!
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if ſtyl'd
"The thin, the fleeting atmoſphere of GOD."
O for the voice—of what? of whom?—What voice
Can anſwer to my wants, in ſuch aſcent,
As dares to deem one univerſe too ſmall?
Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now Fancy glows,
Fir'd in the vortex of Almighty pow'r)
Is not this home-creation, in the map
Of univerſal Nature, as a ſpeck,
Like fair Britannia in our little ball;
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its ſize,
But, elſewhere, far out-meaſur'd, far outſhone?
In Fancy (for the fact beyond us lyes)
Canſt thou not figure it, an iſle, almoſt
Too ſmall for notice, in the vaſt of being;
Sever'd by mighty ſeas of unbuilt ſpace,
From other realms; from ample continents
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Leſs northern, leſs remote from DEITY,
Glowing beneath the line of the SUPREME;
Where ſouls in excellence make haſte, put forth
Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
Of human worth, but ripen ſoon to gods?
Yet why drown Fancy in ſuch depths as theſe?
Return, preſumptuous rover! and confeſs
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too ſmall.
Enjoy we not full ſcope in what is ſeen?
Full ample the dominions of the ſun!
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchleſs monarch, from his flaming throne,
Laviſh of luſtre, throws his beams about him,

Farther, and faſter, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This Heliopolis by greater far
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile was built;
And He alone, who built it, can deſtroy.
Beyond this city, why ſtrays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!
One infinite, enough for man to range!
One firmament, enough for man to read!
O what voluminous inſtruction here!
What page of wiſdom is deny'd him? none;
If learning his chief leſſon makes him wiſe.
Nor is inſtruction, here, our only gain;
There dwells a noble pathos in the ſkies,
Which warms our paſſions, proſelytes our hearts.
How eloquently ſhines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonſtrating great truths in ſtyle ſublime,
Tho' ſilent, loud! heard earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has her wonder, tho' too proud to praiſe.
Is earth, then, more infernal? has ſhe thoſe
Who neither praiſe (Lorenzo!) nor admire?
Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engag'd,
Ne'er aſk'd the moon one queſtion; never held
Leaſt correſpondence with a ſingle ſtar;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the queen of heav'n
Walking in brightneſs; or her train ador'd.
Their ſublunary rivals have long ſince
Engroſs'd his whole devotion; ſtars malign,
Which make the fond aſtronomer run mad;
Darken his intellect, corrupt his heart;
Cauſe him to ſacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madneſs, call'd delight.
Idolater, more groſs than ever kiſs'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove!—O Thou, to whom belongs
All ſacrifice! O thou great JOVE unfeign'd!

Divine Inſtructor! thy firſt volume, this,
For man's peruſal; all in capitals!
In moon, and ſtars, (heav'n's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to ſeize the ſight: who runs, may read;
Who reads, can underſtand. 'Tis unconfin'd
To Chriſtian land, or Jewry; fairly writ,
In language univerſal, to mankind:
A language, lofty to the learn'd; yet plain,
To thoſe that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or from his huſk ſtrike out the bounding grain.
A language worthy the Great Mind that ſpeaks!
Preface, and comment, to the ſacred page!
Which oft refers its reader to the ſkies,
As pre-ſuppoſing his firſt leſſon there;
And ſcripture's ſelf a fragment, that unread.
Stupendous book of wiſdom, to the wiſe!
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.
By thee much open'd, I confeſs, O Night!
Yet more I wiſh; but how ſhall I prevail?
Say, gentle Night! whoſe modeſt, maiden beams
Give us a new creation, and preſent
The world's great picture, ſoften'd to the ſight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent ſtill,
Say, thou, whoſe mild dominion's ſilver key
Unlocks our hemiſphere, and ſets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud and envious ſtar of noon!
Canſt thou not draw a deeper ſcene?—and ſhew
The mighty Potentate, to whom belong
Theſe rich regalia pompouſly diſplay'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around; I ſearch on ev'ry ſide——
O for a glimpſe of Him my ſoul adores!
As the chas'd hart amid the deſart waſte,
Pants for the living ſtream; for Him who made her,
So pants the thirſty ſoul amid the blank
Of ſublunary joys. Say, goddeſs! where?
Where blazes His bright court? where burns His throne?

Thou know'ſt, for thou art near him; by thee, round
His grand pavilion, ſacred Fame reports
The ſable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, ſo ſwift of wing,
Who travel far, diſcover where He dwells?
A ſtar his dwelling pointed out below,
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
And thou, Orion! of ſtill keener eye!
Say, ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
And bring them out of tempeſt into port!
On which hand muſt I bend my courſe to find Him?
Theſe courtiers keep the ſecret of their King;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to ſteal it from them.
I wake; and, waking, climb night's radiant ſcale,
From ſphere to ſphere; the ſteps by Nature ſet
For man's aſcent; at once to tempt, and aid;
To tempt his eye, and aid his tow'ring thought;
Till it arrives at the great goal of all.
In ardent Contemplation's rapid car,
From earth, as from my barrier, I ſet out.
How ſwift I mount! diminiſh'd earth recedes;
I paſs the moon; and, from her farther ſide,
Pierce heav'n's blue curtain; ſtrike into remote;
Where, with his lifted tube, the ſubtle ſage
His artificial airy journey takes,
And to celeſtial lengthens human ſight.
I pauſe at ev'ry planet on my road,
And aſk for Him, who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to ſhine. From Saturn's ring,
In which, of *earths* an army might be loſt,
With the bold comet, take my bolder flight,
Amid thoſe ſov'reign glories of the ſkies,
Of independent, native luſtre, proud;
The ſouls of ſyſtems! and the lords of life,
Thro' their wide empires!—What behold I now?
A wilderneſs of wonders burning round;
Where larger ſuns inhabit higher ſpheres;
Perhaps the villas of deſcending gods!

Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threſhold of the DEITY;
Or, far beneath it, I am grov'ling ſtill.
Nor is it ſtrange; I built on a miſtake;
The grandeur of his works, whence folly ſought
For aid, to reaſon ſets his glory higher;
Who built thus high for worms, (mere worms to Him)
O where, Lorenzo! muſt the Builder dwell?
Pauſe, then; and, for a moment, here reſpire—
If human thought can keep its ſtation here.
Where am I?—where is earth?—nay, where art thou,
O ſun?—Is the ſun turn'd recluſe?—and are
His boaſted expeditions ſhort to mine?
To mine, how ſhort! On Nature's Alps I ſtand,
And ſee a thouſand firmaments beneath!
A thouſand ſyſtems! as a thouſand grains!
So much a ſtranger, and ſo late arriv'd,
How can man's curious ſpirit not inquire,
What are the natives of this world ſublime,
Of this ſo foreign, un-terreſtrial ſphere,
Where mortal, untranſlated, never ſtray'd?
" O ye, as diſtant from my little home,
" As ſwifteſt ſun-beams in an age can fly!
" Far from my native element I roam,
" In queſt of new, and wonderful to man;
" What province this, of His immenſe domain,
" Whom all obeys? Or mortals here, or gods?
" Ye bord'rers on the coaſts of bliſs! what are you?
" A colony from heav'n? or only rais'd,
" By frequent viſit from heav'n's neighbouring realms
" To ſecondary gods, and half-divine?—
" Whate'er your nature, this is paſt diſpute,
" Far other life you live, far other tongue
" You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
" Than man. How various are the works of GOD!
" But ſay, What thought? Is Reaſon here enthron'd,
" And abſolute? or Senſe in arms againſt her?
" Have you two lights? or need you no reveal'd?

" Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
" And had your Eden an abſtemious Eve?
" Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
" And aſk their Adams—'Who would not be wiſe?'
" Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd?
" And if redeem'd—is your REDEEMER ſcorn'd?
" Is this your final reſidence? If not,
" Change you your ſcene, tranſlated? or by death?
" And if by death, what death?—Know you diſeaſe?
" Or horrid war?—with war, this fatal hour,
" Europa groans, (ſo call we a ſmall field,
" Where kings run mad.) In our world, Death deputes
" Intemperance to do the work of Age;
" And, hanging up the quiver Nature gave him,
" As ſlow of execution, for diſpatch
" Sends forth imperial butchers; bids them ſlay
" Their ſheep, (the ſilly ſheep they fleec'd before),
" And toſs him twice ten thouſand at a meal.
" Sit all your executioners on thrones?
" With you, can rage for plunder make a GOD?
" And bloodſhed waſh out ev'ry other ſtain?
" But you, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter groſs
" Your ſpirits clean, are delicately clad
" In fine-ſpun æther; privileg'd to ſoar,
" Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike
" The lot of man! how few of human race
" By their own mud unmurder'd! how we wage
" Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day
" Of hardy conflict o'er? or, are you ſtill
" Raw candidates at ſchool? and have you thoſe
" Who diſaffect reverſions, as with us?
" But what are we? You never heard of man;
" Or earth, the bedlam of the univerſe!
" Where Reaſon (undiſeas'd with you) runs mad,
" And nurſes Folly's children as her own;
" Fond of the fouleſt. In the ſacred mount
" Of holineſs, where Reaſon is pronounc'd
" Infallible; and thunders, like a god;

" Ev'n there, by ſaints, the dæmons are outdone:
" What theſe think wrong, our ſaints refine to right;
" And kindly teach dull hell her own black arts;
" Satan, inſtructed, o'er their morals ſmiles.——
" But this, how ſtrange to you, who know not man!
" Has the leaſt rumour of our race arriv'd?
" Call'd here Elijah, in his flaming car?
" Paſs'd by you the good Enoch, on his road
" To thoſe fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
" Who bruſh'd, perhaps, your ſphere, in his deſcent,
" Stain'd your pure cryſtal æther, or let fall
" A ſhort eclipſe from his portentous ſhade?
" O that the fiend had lodg'd on ſome broad orb
" Athwart his way; nor reach'd his preſent home,
" Then blacken'd earth with footſteps foul'd in hell,
" Nor waſh'd in ocean, as from Rome he paſs'd
" To Britain's iſle; too, too, conſpicuous there!"
But this is all digreſſion. Where is He,
That o'er heav'n's battlements the felon hurl'd
To groans, and chains, and darkneſs? where is He,
Who ſees creation's ſummit in a vale?
He whom, while man is man, he can't but ſeek;
And if he finds, commences more than man?
O for a teleſcope his throne to reach!
Tell me, ye learn'd on earth! or bleſs'd above!
Ye ſearching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
Where your great Maſter's orb? his planets, where?
Thoſe conſcious ſatellites, thoſe morning-ſtars,
Firſt-born of DEITY! from central love,
By veneration moſt profound thrown off;
By ſweet attraction no leſs ſtrongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet raptur'd; raptur'd, yet ſerene;
Paſt thought, illuſtrious, but with borrow'd beams;
In ſtill approaching circles, ſtill remote,
Revolving round the ſun's eternal Sire?
Or ſent, in lines direct, on embaſſies
To nations—in what latitude?—beyond
Terreſtrial thought's horiſon!—And on what

High errands ſent?—Here human effort ends;
And leaves me ſtill a ſtranger to his throne.
Full well it might! I quite miſtook my road;
Born in age more curious, than devout;
More fond to fix the place of heav'n, or hell,
Than ſtudious this to ſhun, or that ſecure.
'Tis not the curious, but the pious, path,
That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
Without or ſtar or angel for their guide,
Who worſhip GOD, ſhall find him. Humble Love,
And not proud Reaſon, keeps the door of heav'n;
Love finds admiſſion, where proud Science fails.
Man's ſcience is the culture of his heart;
And not to loſe his plummet in the depths
Of Nature, or the more profound of GOD.
Either to know, is an attempt that ſets
The wiſeſt on a level with the fool.
To fathom nature (ill-attempted here!)
Paſt doubt is deep philoſophy above;
Higher degrees in bliſs archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepeſt, learning ſtill.
For, what a thunder of Omnipotence
(So might I dare to ſpeak) is ſeen in all!
In man! in earth! in more amazing ſkies!
Teaching this leſſon, pride is loth to learn——
"Not deeply to diſcern, not much to know,
"Mankind was born to wonder and adore."
And is there cauſe for higher wonder ſtill,
Than that which ſtruck us from our paſt ſurveys?
Yes; and for deeper adoration too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?—Yes, Lorenzo! this;
Each of theſe ſtars is a religious houſe;
I ſaw their altars ſmoke, their incenſe riſe,
And heard hoſannas ring through ev'ry ſphere,
A ſeminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is conſecrated ground,
Teeming with growths immortal and divine.

The great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waſte; but ſows theſe fiery fields
With ſeeds of reaſon, which to virtues riſe
Beneath his genial ray; and, if eſcap'd
The peſtilential blaſts of ſtubborn will,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the skies.
And is devotion thought too much on earth,
When beings, ſo ſuperior, homage boaſt,
And triumph in proſtrations to the throne?
But wherefore more of planets, or of ſtars?
Ethereal journeys, and, diſcover'd there,
Ten thouſand worlds, ten thouſand ways devout?
All Nature ſending incenſe to the Throne,
Except the bold Lorenzos of our ſphere?
Op'ning the ſolemn ſources of my ſoul,
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,
Nor ſee, of fancy, or of fact, what more
Invites the muſe—Here turn we, and review
Our paſt nocturnal landſcape wide;—then, ſay,
Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burſt of heart,
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
Muſt man exclaim, adoring, and aghaſt?
" O what a root! O what a branch is here!
" O what a Father! what a family!
" Worlds, ſyſtems, and creations!—and creations,
" In one agglomerated cluſter, hung,
" * Great VINE! on Thee, on Thee the cluſter hangs;
" The filial cluſter! infinitely ſpread
" In glowing globes, with various beings fraught;
" And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.
" Or, ſhall I ſay (for who can ſay enough?)
" A conſtellation of ten thouſand gems,
" (And, O! of what dimenſion! of what weight!)
" Set in one ſignet, flames on the right hand
" Of Majeſty divine! the blazing ſeal,
" That deeply ſtamps, on all created mind,
" Indelible, his ſov'reign attributes,

* John xv. 1.

" Omnipotence, and Love! *that*, paſſing bound;
" And *this*, ſurpaſſing that. Nor ſtop we here,
" For want of pow'r in GOD, but thought in man.
" Even this acknowledg'd, leaves us ſtill in debt;
" If greater aught, that greater all is thine.
" Dread SIRE!—accept this miniature of thee;
" And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,
" In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."
How ſuch ideas of th' Almighty's pow'r,
And ſuch ideas of th' Almighty's plan,
(Ideas not abſurd) diſtend the thought
Of feeble mortals! Nor of them alone!
The fulneſs of the DEITY breaks forth
In inconceivables to men and gods.
Think, then, O think! nor ever drop the thought;
How low muſt man deſcend, when Gods adore!—
Have I not, then, accompliſh'd my proud boaſt?
Did I not tell thee, " * We ſhould mount, Lorenzo!
" And kindle our devotion at the ſtars?"
And have I fail'd? and did I flatter thee?
And art all adamant? and doſt confute
All urg'd, with one irrefragable ſmile?
Lorenzo! mirth, how miſerable here!
Swear by the ſtars, by Him who made them, ſwear,
Thy heart, henceforth, ſhall be as pure as they:
Then thou, like them, ſhalt ſhine: like them, ſhalt riſe
From low to lofty; from obſcure to bright;
By due gradation, Nature's ſacred law.
The ſtars, from whence?—Ask Chaos—he can tell.
Theſe bright temptations to idolatry,
From darkneſs, and confuſion, took their birth;
Sons of Deformity! from fluid dregs
Tartarean, firſt they roſe to maſſes rude;
And then, to ſpheres opaque; then dimly ſhone;
Then brighten'd; then blaz'd out in perfect day.
Nature delights in progreſs; in advance
From worſe to better: but, when minds aſcend,
Progreſs, in part, depends upon themſelves.

* Page 50.

Heav'n aids exertion; greater makes the great;
The voluntary little leſſens more.
O be a man! and thou ſhalt be a god!
And half ſelf-made!—ambition how divine!
O thou, ambitious of diſgrace alone!
Still undevout? unkindled? tho' high-taught,
School'd by the skies, and pupil of the ſtars;
Rank coward to the faſhionable world!
Art thou aſham'd to bend thy knee to Heav'n?
Curſt fume of pride, exhal'd from deepeſt hell!
Pride in religion is man's higheſt praiſe.
Bent on deſtruction! and in love with death!
Not all theſe luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half ſo ſad as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happineſs, and meets deſpair.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the Night,
Amid her glimm'ring tapers, ſilent ſits!
How ſorrowful, how deſolate, ſhe weeps
Perpetual dews, and ſaddens Nature's ſcene!
A ſcene more ſad ſin makes the darken'd ſoul;
All comfort kills, nor leaves one ſpark alive.
Tho' blind of heart, ſtill open is thine eye:
Why ſuch magnificence in all thou ſeeſt?
Of Matter's grandeur, know, one end is this,
To tell the rational, who gazes on it—
" Tho' that immenſely great, ſtill greater he,
" Whoſe breaſt, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
" Unburden'd, Nature's univerſal ſcheme;
" Can graſp creation with a ſingle thought;
" Creation graſp; and not exclude its SIRE."——
To tell him farther—" It behoves him much
" To guard th' important, yet-depending, fate
" Of being, brighter than a thouſand ſuns;
" One ſingle ray of thought outſhines them all."—
And if man hears obedient, ſoon he'll ſoar
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
His purple wing bedrop'd with eyes of gold,
Riſing, where thought is now deny'd to riſe,

Look down triumphant on theſe dazzling ſpheres.
Why then perſiſt?—No mortal ever liv'd,
But, dying, he pronounc'd (when words are true!)
The whole that charms thee, abſolutely vain;
Vain, and far worſe!—Think thou, with dying men;
O condeſcend to think as angels think!
O tolerate a chance for happineſs!
Our nature ſuch, ill choice enſures ill fate;
And hell had been, tho' there had been no GOD.
Doſt thou not know, my new aſtronomer!
Earth, turning from the ſun, brings night to man?
Man, turning from his GOD, brings endleſs night;
Where thou canſt read no morals, find no friend,
Amend no manners, and expect no peace.
How deep the darkneſs! and the groan, how loud!
And far, how far, from lambent are the flames!
Such is Lorenzo's purchaſe! ſuch his praiſe!
The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praiſe!
Tho' in his ear, and levell'd at his heart,
I've half read o'er the volume of the ſkies.
For think not thou haſt heard all this from me;
My ſong but echoes what great Nature ſpeaks.
What has ſhe ſpoken? Thus the goddeſs ſpoke,
Thus ſpeaks for ever:—" Place, at Nature's head,
" A Sov'reign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,
" Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
" But, above all, diffuſes endleſs good:
" To whom, for ſure redreſs, the wrong'd may fly;
" The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace:
" By whom, the various tenants of theſe ſpheres,
" Diverſify'd in fortunes, place, and pow'rs,
" Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they riſe,
" Arrive at length (if worthy ſuch approach)
" At that bleſs'd fountain-head, from which they ſtream;
" Where conflict paſt redoubles preſent joy;
" And preſent joy looks forward on increaſe;
" And that, on more; no period! ev'ry ſtep

" A double boon! a promiſe, and a bliſs."
How eaſy ſits this ſcheme on human hearts!
It ſuits their make; it ſoothes their vaſt deſires;
Paſſion is pleas'd; and Reaſon aſks no more;
'Tis rational! 'tis great!—But what is thine?
It darkens, ſhock, excruciates, and confounds!
Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,
Sinking from bad to worſe; few years, the ſport
Of Fortune; then, the morſel of Deſpair.
Say, then, Lorenzo! (for thou know'ſt it well)
What's vice?—mere want of compaſs in our thought.
Religion, what?—the proof of common ſenſe;
How art thou whooted, where the leaſt prevails!
Is it my fault, if theſe truths call thee fool?
And thou ſhalt never be miſcall'd by me.
Can neither ſhame, nor terror, ſtand thy friend?
And art thou ſtill an inſect in the mire?
How, like the guardian angel, have I flown?
Snatch'd thee from earth; eſcorted thee thro' all
Th' etherial armies; walk'd thee, like a god,
Thro' ſplendors of firſt magnitude, arrang'd
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
Cloſe-cruis'd on the bright paradiſe of GOD;
And almoſt introduc'd thee to the Throne!
And art thou ſtill carouſing, for delight,
Rank poiſon; firſt, fermenting to mere froth,
And then ſubſiding into final gall?—
To beings of ſublime, immortal make,
How ſhocking is all joy, whoſe end is ſure!
Such joy more ſhocking ſtill, the more it charms.
And doſt thou chuſe what ends, ere well-begun?
And infamous, as ſhort? and doſt thou chuſe
(Thou, to whoſe palate glory is ſo ſweet)
To wade into perdition, thro' contempt,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy own?
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And ſeen it bluſh beneath a boaſtful brow;
For by ſtrong guilt's moſt violent aſſault,

Conſcience is but diſabled, not deſtroy'd.
O thou moſt awful being, and moſt vain!
Thy will, how frail! how glorious is thy pow'r!
Tho' dread eternity has ſown her ſeeds
Of bliſs, and wo, in thy deſpotic breaſt;
Tho' heav'n and hell depend upon thy choice;
A butterfly comes croſs, and both are fled.
Is this the picture of a rational?
This horrid image, ſhall it be moſt juſt?
Lorenzo! no, it cannot,—ſhall not be,
If there is force in reaſon; or, in ſounds
Chanted beneath the glimpſes of the moon,
A magic, at this planetary hour,
When ſlumber locks the gen'ral lip, and dreams
Thro' ſenſeleſs mazes hunt ſouls un-inſpir'd.
Attend—the ſacred myſteries begin—
My ſolemn night-born adjuration bear;
Hear, and I'll raiſe thy ſpirit from the duſt;
While the ſtars gaze on this inchantment new;
Inchantment, not infernal, but divine!
" By Silence, death's peculiar attribute;
" By Darkneſs, guilt's inevitable doom;
" By Darkneſs, and by Silence, ſiſters dread
" That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,
" And raiſe ideas, ſolemn as the ſcene;
" By Night, and all of awful Night preſents
" To thought or ſenſe (of awful much to both
" The goddeſs brings!) By theſe her trembling fires,
" Like Veſta's, ever burning! and, like hers,
" Sacred to thoughts immaculate and pure!
" By theſe bright orators, that prove, and praiſe,
" And preſs thee to revere the DEITY,
" Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd a while,
" To reach His throne; as ſtages of the ſoul,
" Thro' which at diff'rent periods ſhe ſhall paſs,
" Refining gradual, for her final height,
" And purging off ſome droſs at ev'ry ſphere!
" By this dark pall thrown o'er the ſilent world!

" By the world's kings, and kingdoms, moſt re-
nown'd,
" From ſhort ambition's zenith ſet for ever;
" Sad preſage to vain boaſters, now in bloom!
" By the long liſt of ſwift mortality,
" From Adam downward to this ev'ning's knell,
" Which midnight waves in Fancy's ſtartled eye;
" And ſhocks her with an hundred centuries
" Round Death's black banner throng'd, in human
thought!
" By thouſands, now, reſigning their laſt breath,
" And calling thee—wert thou ſo wiſe to hear!
" By tombs o'er tombs ariſing; human earth
" Ejected, to make room for—human earth;
" The monarch's terror! and the ſexton's trade!
" By pompous obſequies, that ſhun the day,
" The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
" Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
" Boaſt of our ruin! triumph of our duſt!
" By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
" And the pale lamp that ſhews the ghaſtly dead,
" More ghaſtly thro' the thick incumbent gloom!
" By viſits (if there are) from darker ſcenes,
" The gliding ſpectre! and the groaning grave!
" By groans, and graves, and miſeries that groan
" For the grave's ſhelter! By deſponding men,
" Senſeleſs to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!
" By guilt's laſt audit! By yon moon in blood,
" The rocking firmament, the falling ſtars,
" And thunder's laſt diſcharge, great Nature's knell!
" By ſecond chaos; and eternal night"——
Be wise——Nor let Philander blame my charm;
But own not ill-diſcharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living, duty to the dead.
For know, I'm but executor; he left
This moral legacy; I make it o'er
By his command: Philander hear in me;
And Heav'n in both.—If deaf to theſe, oh! hear

Florello's tender voice; his weal depends
On thy reſolve; it trembles at thy choice;
For his ſake—love thyſelf: example ſtrikes
All human hearts; a bad example more;
More ſtill, a father's! that enſures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldſt thou prove
Th' unnatural parent of his miſeries,
And make him curſe the being which thou gav'ſt?
Is this the bleſſing of ſo fond a father?
If careleſs of Lorenzo! ſpare, oh, ſpare,
Florello's father, and Philander's friend!
Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him;
And from Philander's friend the world expects
A conduct, no diſhonour to the dead.
Let paſſion do, what nobler motive ſhould;
Let love, and emulation, riſe in aid
To reaſon; and perſuade thee to be—bleſt.
  This ſeems not a requeſt to be deny'd;
Yet (ſuch th' infatuation of mankind!)
'Tis the moſt hopeleſs man can make to man.
Shall I, then, riſe in argument, and warmth;
And urge Philander's poſthumous advice,
From topics yet unbroach'd?—
But oh, I faint! my ſpirits fail!—Nor ſtrange!
So long on wing, and in no middle clime!
To which my great CREATOR's glory call'd;
And calls—but, now, in vain. Sleep's dewy wand
Has ſtrok'd my drooping lids, and promiſes
My long arrear of reſt; the downy god
(Wont to return with our returning peace)
Will pay, ere-long, and bleſs me with repoſe.
Haſte, haſte, ſweet ſtranger! from the peaſant's cot,
The ſhip-boy's hammoc, or the ſoldier's ſtraw,
Whence ſorrow never chas'd thee: with thee bring,
Not hideous viſions, as of late; but draughts
Delicious of well taſted, cordial reſt;
Man's rich reſtorative; his balmy bath,
That ſupples, lubricates, and keeps in play

The various movements of this nice machine,
Which aſks ſuch frequent periods of repair.
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the ſucceeding dawn;
Freſh we ſpin on, till ſickneſs clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the ſpring, and motion ends.
When will it end with me?
——" THOU only know'ſt,
" Thou whoſe broad eye the future, and the paſt,
" Joins to the preſent; making one of three
" To mortal thought! Thou know'ſt, and thou alone,
" All-knowing!——all-unknown!——and yet well-known!
" Near, tho' remote! and, tho' unfathom'd, felt!
" And, tho' inviſible, for ever ſeen!
" And ſeen in all! the great, and the minute:
" Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
" Each flow'r, each leaf, with its ſmall people ſwarm'd,
" (Thoſe puny vouchers of Omnipotence!)
" To the firſt thought, that aſks, "From whence?" declare
" Their common ſource. Thou Fountain running o'er
" In rivers of communicated joy!
" Who gav'ſt us ſpeech for far, far humbler themes;
" Say, by what name ſhall I preſume to call
" Him I ſee burning in theſe countleſs ſuns,
" As Moſes in the buſh? illuſtrious Mind!
" The whole creation, leſs, far leſs, to thee,
" Than that, to the creation's ample round.
" How ſhall I name thee?—How my lab'ring ſoul
" Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!
" Great Syſtem of perfections! mighty Cauſe
" Of cauſes mighty! Cauſe uncaus'd! ſole Root
" Of nature, that luxuriant growth of GOD!
" Firſt Father of effects! that progeny
" Of endleſs ſeries; where the golden chain's
" Laſt link admits a period, who can tell?

" Father of all that is or heard, or hears;
" Father of all that is or ſeen, or ſees;
" Father of all that is, or ſhall ariſe;
" Father of this immeaſurable maſs
" Of matter multiform; or denſe, or rare;
" Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at reſt;
" Minute, or paſſing bound; in each extreme,
" Of like amaze, and myſtery to man.
" Father of theſe bright millions of the night;
" Of which the leaſt full GODHEAD had proclaim'd,
" And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or ſay,
" Is appellation higher ſtill thy choice?
" Father of Matter's temporary lords!
" Father of ſpirits! nobler offspring! ſparks
" Of high paternal glory; rich endow'd
" With various meaſures and with various modes
" Of inſtinct, Reaſon, Intuition; beams
" More pale, or bright, from day divine, to break
" The dark of matter organiz'd (the ware
" Of all created ſpirit;) beams, that riſe
" Each over other in ſuperior light,
" Till the laſt ripens into luſtre ſtrong,
" Of next approach to GODHEAD. Father fond
" (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
" Of intellectual beings! beings bleſt
" With pow'rs to pleaſe thee; not of paſſive ply
" To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in ſeats
" Of well-adapted joys; in different domes
" Of this imperial palace for thy ſons;
" Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
" Though boundleſs habitation, plann'd by Thee;
" Whoſe ſeveral clans their ſeveral climates ſuit;
" And tranſpoſition, doubtleſs, would deſtroy.
" Or, oh! indulge, immortal KING, indulge
" A title, leſs auguſt indeed, but more
" Endearing; ah! how ſweet in human ears!
" Sweet in our ears! and triumph in our hearts!
" *Father of immortality to man!*

" A theme that * lately ſet my ſoul on fire.—
" And Thou the next! yet equal! Thou, by whom
" That bleſſing was convey'd; far more! was bought;
" Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
" Were made; and one redeem'd! illuſtrious Light
" From Light illuſtrious! Thou, whoſe regal pow'r,
" Finite in Time, but infinite in Space,
" On more than adamantine baſis fix'd,
" O'er more, far more, than diadems, and thrones,
" Inviolably reigns; the dread of gods!
" And oh! the friend of man! beneath whoſe foot,
" And by the mandate of whoſe awful nod,
" All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
" Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
" Thro' the ſhort channels of expiring Time,
" Or ſhoreleſs ocean of eternity,
" Calm, or tempeſtuous (as thy Spirit breathes)
" In abſolute ſubjection!---And, O Thou
" The glorious Third! diſtinct, not ſeparate!
" Beaming from Both! with both incorporate!
" And (ſtrange to tell!) incorporate with duſt!
" By condeſcenſion, as thy glory, great,
" Enſhrin'd in man! Of human hearts, if pure,
" Divine Inhabitant! the tie divine
" Of heav'n with diſtant earth! by whom, I truſt,
" (If not inſpir'd) uncenſur'd this addreſs
" To Thee, to Them—To whom?—Myſterious Pow'r!
" Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd! Darkneſs in light;
" Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
" The triple Bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
" That animates all right, the triple Sun!
" Sun of the ſoul! her never-ſetting ſun!
" Triune, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
" Abſconding, yet demonſtrable, Great God!
" Greater than greateſt! better than the beſt!
" Kinder than kindeſt! with ſoft pity's eye,
" Or (ſtronger ſtill to ſpeak it) with thine own,
" From thy bright home, from that high firmament,

* Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

" Where Thou from all eternity haſt dwelt,
" Beyond archangels' unaſſiſted ken;
" From far above what mortals higheſt call;
" From elevation's pinnacle; look down,
" Through—what? confounding interval! thro' all,
" And more than lab'ring Fancy can conceive;
" Through radiant ranks of eſſences unknown,
" Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
" Round various banners of Omnipotence,
" With endleſs change of rapt'rous duties fir'd;
" Through wond'rous beings interpoſing ſwarms,
" All cluſt'ring at the call, to dwell in Thee;
" Thro' this wide waſte of worlds; this viſta vaſt,
" All ſanded o'er with ſuns; ſuns turn'd to night
" Before thy feebleſt beam—Look down—down—
" On a poor breathing particle in duſt, [down,
" Or, lower,—an immortal in his crimes.
" His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!
" Thoſe ſmaller faults; half converts to the right.
" Nor let me cloſe theſe eyes, which never more
" May ſee the ſun, (tho' night's deſcending ſcale
" Now weighs up morn,) unpity'd, and unbleſt!
" In thy diſpleaſure dwells eternal pain;
" Pain, our averſion; pain, which ſtrikes me now:
" And, ſince all pain is terrible to man,
" Tho' tranſient, terrible; at thy good hour,
" Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
" My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, ſo near;
" By nature, near; ſtill nearer by diſeaſe!
" Till then, be this an emblem of my grave:
" Let it out-preach the preacher; ev'ry night
" Let it outcry the boy at Philip's ear;
" That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
" And when (the ſhelter of thy wing implor'd)
" My ſenſes, ſooth'd, ſhall ſing in ſoft repoſe;
" O ſink this truth ſtill deeper in my ſoul,
" Suggeſted by my pillow, ſign'd by fate,
" Firſt, in Fate's volume, at the page of *man*—

" Man's fickly ſoul, tho' turn'd and toſs'd for ever
" From ſide to ſide, can reſt on nought but Thee;
" Here, in full truſt; hereafter, in full joy;
" On Thee, the promis'd ſure eternal down
" Of ſpirits toil'd in travel thro' this vale.
" Nor of that pillow ſhall my ſoul deſpond;
" For—Love Almighty! Love Almighty (ſing,
" Exult, creation!) Love Almighty reigns!
" That death of death! that cordial of deſpair!
" And loud Eternity's triumphant ſong!
" Of whom, no more:—for, O thou Patron-God!
" Thou God, and Mortal! thence more God to man!
" Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
" Thou can'ſt not 'ſcape uninjur'd from our praiſe.
" Uninjur'd from our praiſe can He eſcape,
" Who, diſemboſom'd from the Father, bows
" The heav'n of Heav'ns, to kiſs the diſtant earth?
" Breathes out in agonies a ſinleſs ſoul!
" Againſt the Croſs, Death's iron ſceptre breaks!
" From famiſh'd Ruin plucks her human prey!
" Throws wide the gates celeſtial to his foes!
" Their gratitude, for ſuch a boundleſs debt,
" Deputes their ſuff'ring brothers to receive!
" And, if deep human guilt in payment fails;
" As deeper guilt, prohibits our deſpair!
" Enjoins it, as our duty, to rejoice!
" And (to cloſe all) omnipotently kind,
" * Takes his delights among the ſons of men."

What words are theſe?—And did they come from heav'n?
And were they ſpoke to man? to guilty man?
What are all myſteries to love like this?
The ſongs of angels, all the melodies
Of choral Gods, are wafted in the ſound;
Heal and exhilarate the broken heart;
Though plung'd, before, in horrors dark as night:
Rich prelibation of conſummate joy!
Nor wait we diſſolution to be bleſt.

* Prov. viii.

This final effort of the moral muſe,
How juſtly † titled! Nor for me alone;
For all that read; what ſpirit of ſupport
What heights of conſolation, crown my ſong!
Then farewel, Night! Of darkneſs, now, no more:
Joy breaks; ſhines; triumphs; 'tis eternal day.
Shall that which riſes out of nought complain
Of a few evils, paid with endleſs joys?
My ſoul! henceforth, in ſweeteſt union join
The two ſupports of human happineſs,
Which ſome, erroneous, think can never meet;
True taſte of life, and conſtant thought of death!
The thought of death, ſole victor of its dread!
Hope be thy joy; and probity thy ſkill;
Thy patron, He, whoſe diadem has dropp'd
Yon gems of heav'n; Eternity, thy prize:
And leave the racers of the world their own,
Their feather, and their froth, for endleſs toils:
They part with all for that which is not bread;
They mortify, they ſtarve, on wealth, fame, pow'r;
And laugh to ſcorn the fools that aim at more.
How muſt a ſpirit, late eſcap'd from earth,
Suppoſe Philander's, Lucia's, or Narciſſa's,
The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, aſtoniſh'd, on the ways of men,
Whoſe lives' whole drift is to forget their graves!
And when our preſent privilege is paſt,
To ſcourge us with due ſenſe of its abuſe,
The ſame aſtoniſhment will ſeize us all.
What then muſt pain us, would preſerve us now.
Lorenzo! 'tis not yet too late: Lorenzo!
Seize Wiſdom, ere 'tis torment to be wiſe;
That is, ſeize Wiſdom, ere ſhe ſeizes thee.
For what, my ſmall philoſopher! is Hell?
'Tis nothing, but full knowledge of the truth,
When Truth, reſiſted long, is ſworn our foe;
And calls Eternity to do her right.
Thus, Darkneſs aiding intellectual light,

† The CONSOLATION.

And ſacred Silence whiſp'ring truths divine,
And truths divine converting pain to peace,
My ſong the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And ſhot, ambitious of unbounded ſcenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of Fancy, when our hearts remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes?
'Tis pride to praiſe her; penance, to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
Lorenzo! riſe, at this auſpicious hour;
An hour, when Heav'n's moſt intimate with man;
When, like a falling ſtar, the ray divine
Glides ſwift into the boſom of the juſt;
And juſt are all, determin'd to reclaim;
Which ſets that title high, within thy reach.
Awake, then; thy Philander calls: awake!
Thou, who ſhalt wake, when the creation ſleeps;
When, like a taper, all theſe ſuns expire;
When Time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that ſupport the world,
In Nature's ample ruins lyes entomb'd;
And Midnight, univerſal Midnight! reigns.

END of the NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

A PARAPHRASE ON PART OF THE BOOK of JOB.

A

PARAPHRASE

ON

PART

OF THE

BOOK of JOB.

A

PARAPHRASE

On PART of the

BOOK of JOB*.

THRICE happy Job † long liv'd in regal ſtate,
Nor ſaw the ſumptuous Eaſt a prince ſo great;

* It is diſputed among the critics, Who was the author of the book of Job; ſome give it to Moſes, ſome to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, ſome arguments occurred to me, which favour the former of theſe opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little elſe is to be expected.

† The Almighty's ſpeech, chap. xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphraſe in this little work, is by much the fineſt part of the nobleſt and moſt ancient poem in the world. Bp Patrick ſay, Its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whiſper. In order to ſet this diſtinguiſhed part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and ſubſequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it: ſo that this piece is a ſort of an epitome of the whole book of Job.

I uſe the word *Paraphraſe*, becauſe I want another which might better anſwer for the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and tranſpoſed. The Mountain, the Comet, the Sun, and other parts, are entirely added; thoſe upon the Peacock, the Lion, &c. are much enlarged: and I have thrown the whole into a method more ſuitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myſelf, find the reaſons

Whoſe worldly ſtores in ſuch abundance flow'd,
Whoſe heart with ſuch exalted virtue glow'd:
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills ſucceed, a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The ſword wide-waſting, the reproachful tongue,
And ſpotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?
A change ſo ſad what mortal heart could bear?
Exhauſted wo had left him nought to fear,
But gave him all to grief: low earth he preſt,
Wept in the duſt, and ſorely ſmote his breaſt.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
In anguiſh of their hearts their mantles rent,
And ſeven long days in ſolemn ſilence ſpent;
A debt of rev'rence to diſtreſs ſo great!
Then Job contain'd no more, but curs'd his fate:
His day of birth, its inauſpicious light,
He wiſhes ſunk in ſhades of endleſs night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, inſtant death, impatient for the grave;
That ſeat of bliſs, that manſion of repoſe,
Where reſt and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counſellors are huſh'd, and mighty kings,
O happy turn! no more are wretched things.
His words were daring, and diſpleas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;

for the great liberties I have indulged myſelf in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which ſhews that they contribute much to the ſublime. This ſpeech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation ſeems indeed the proper ſtyle of majeſty incenſed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a perſon execute himſelf, does from a common execution; for he that aſks the guilty a proper queſtion, makes him in effect paſs ſentence on himſelf.

And now they kindled into warm debate,
And ſentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fix'd in opinion, both refuſe to yield,
And ſummon all their reaſon to the field.
So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the laſt extent of human thought;
A pauſe enſu'd. When lo! Heav'n interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible ſurpriſe,
A ſudden whirlwind blacken'd all the ſkies;
(They ſaw, and trembled!) from the darkneſs broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke *:

Who gives his tongue a looſe ſo bold and vain,
Cenſures my conduct, and reproves my reign?
Lifts up her thought againſt me from the duſt,
And tells the world's Creator what is juſt?
Of late ſo brave, now lift a dauntleſs eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply.
Where didſt thou dwell at Nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the ſpacious earth?
Who on its ſurface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner-ſtone? what hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and faſten'd it in air;
When the bright morning-ſtars in concert ſung,
When heav'n's high arch with loud Hoſannas rung,
When ſhouting ſons of GOD the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the ſound?

* The book of Job is well known to be dramatic; and, like the tragedies of old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this moſt noble part of it, the Almighty ſpeaking out of the whirlwind (ſo ſuitable to the after practice of the Greek ſtage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but it is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived, than to any ſince. Frequent before the law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, Exod. xix. Ezek. i. &c. Hence is he ſaid to "dwell in thick "darkneſs, and have his way in the whirlwind."

Earth's num'rous kingdoms, haſt thou view'd them all?
And can thy ſpan of knowledge graſp the ball?
Who heav'd the mountain, which ſublimely ſtands,
And caſts its ſhadow into diſtant lands?

Who, ſtretching forth his ſceptre o'er the deep,
Can that wild world in due ſubjection keep?
I broke the globe, I ſcoop'd its hollow ſide,
And did a baſon for the floods provide;
I chain'd them with my word; the boiling ſea
Work'd up in tempeſts heard my great decree;
" * Thus far thy floating tide ſhall be convey'd;
" And here, O main, be thy proud billows ſtay'd."

Haſt thou explor'd the ſecrets of the deep,
Where, ſhut from uſe, unnumber'd treaſures ſleep?
Where down a thouſand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the ſea?
Thoſe gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whoſe worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?

Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmoſt chambers didſt thou ever ſee?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal thro' th' incumbent ſhade?
Deep are thoſe ſhades, but ſhades ſtill deeper hide
My counſels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the light, in what refulgent dome?
And where has darkneſs made her diſmal home?
Thou know'ſt, no doubt, ſince thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wiſdom through long ages brought,

* There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is ſignally ſublime. We are ſtruck with admiration to ſee the vaſt and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them: to find it like a managed horſe, raging, toſſing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its Maſter. This paſſage yields in ſublimity to that of " Let there be light," &c. ſo much only as the abſolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like ſpirit in theſe two paſſages is no bad concurrent argument, that Moſes is author of the book of Job.

Since nature was call'd forth when thou waſt by,
And into being roſe beneath thine eye.
Are miſts begotten? who their father knew?
From whom deſcend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the ſtream by night what hand can boaſt,
Or whiten morning with the hoary froſt?
Whoſe pow'rful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the ſea, and turns it into ſtone?
A ſudden deſart ſpreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waſte?
Thou know'ſt me not, thy blindneſs cannot ſee
How vaſt a diſtance parts thy GOD from thee.
Canſt thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? Canſt thou
In clouds and darkneſs wrap thy awful brow?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and ſhade the world with night?
Who lauch'd the clouds in air, and bid them roll
Suſpended ſeas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refreſh the burning ſandy plain,
And quench the ſummer with a waſte of rain?
Who in rough deſarts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and deſolation ſmile?
There blooms the roſe, where human face ne'er ſhone,
And ſpreads its beauties to the ſun alone.
To check the ſhow'r, who lifts his hand on high,
And ſhuts the ſluices of th' exhauſted ſky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her ruſſet plains,
But new in life a cheerful proſpects yields
Of ſhining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and foreſts laviſh all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?
Haſt thou ne'er ſcal'd my wintry ſkies, and ſeen
Of hail and ſnow my northern magazine?
Theſe the dread treaſures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and ſtorms, at my command,
Rage thro' the world, or waſte a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid winds to fly ſo faſt,
Or ſhakes the centre with his eaſtern blaſt?
Who from the ſkies can a whole deluge pour?
Who ſtrikes thro' Nature with the ſolemn roar
Of dreadful thunder? points it where to fall,
And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball?—
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the ſound, and in the flaſh expires.
Who drew the comet out to ſuch a ſize,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the ſkies?
Did thy reſentment hang him out? does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?
Who on low earth can moderate the rein
That guides the ſtars along th' etherial plain;
Appoint their ſeaſons, and direct their courſe,
Their luſtre brighten, and ſupply their force?
Canſt thou the ſkies' benevolence reſtrain,
And cauſe the Pleiades to ſhine in vain?
Or, when Orion ſparkles from his ſphere,
Thaw the cold ſeaſon, and unbind the year?
Bid Mazaroth his deſtin'd ſtation know;
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the night, with all her ſtars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reſerve in ſtore.
Doſt thou pronounce where day-light ſhall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn?
Awake the ſun, and bid him come away,
And glad the world with his obſequious ray?
Haſt thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the ſpacious ring of heav'n?
That pomp of light what hand ſo far diſplays,
That diſtant earth lyes baſking in the blaze?
Who did the ſoul with her rich pow'rs inveſt,
And light up reaſon in the human breaſt,
To ſhine, with freſh increaſe of luſtre, bright,
When ſtars and ſun are ſet in endleſs night?
To theſe my various queſtions make reply.
Th' Almighty ſpoke, and, ſpeaking, ſhook the ſky.

What then, Chaldean fire, was thy ſurpriſe?
Thus thou, with trembling heart, and downcaſt eyes:
" Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
" My tongue has err'd, but ſhall preſume no more:
" My voice is in eternal ſilence bound,
" And all my ſoul falls proſtrate to the ground."
He ceas'd: when lo! again th' Almighty ſpoke;
The ſame dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.
Can that arm meaſure with an arm divine?
And canſt thou thunder with a voice like mine?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-ſpreading main,
When mad with tempeſts all the billows riſe
In all their rage, and daſh the diſtant skies?
Come forth in beauty's excellence array'd,
And be the grandeur of thy pow'r diſplay'd:
Put on omnipotence, and frowning make
The ſpacious round of the creation ſhake;
Diſpatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant Vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to duſt: when this is done,
I grant thy ſafety lodg'd in thee alone;
Of thee thou art, and may'ſt undaunted ſtand
Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.
Fond man! the viſion of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and ſhadow of a ſhade!
What worlds haſt thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd,
What inſects cheriſh'd, that thy GOD is blam'd?
When, * pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood
Loud calls on GOD, importunate for food,

* Another argument that Moſes was the author, is, that moſt of the creatures here mentioned are Egyptian. The reaſon given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, becauſe by her clamorous and importunate voice ſhe particularly ſeems always calling upon it; thence κοραασσω & κοραξ, *Ælian.* l. ii. c. 48. is *to aſk earneſtly*. And ſince there were ravens on the bank of the Nile, more clamorous than the reſt of that ſpecies, thoſe probably are meant in that place.

Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarſe requeſt,
And ſtills the clamour of the craving neſt?
Who in the ſtupid † oſtrich has ſubdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While far ſhe flies, her ſcatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the ſandy ground;
Caſt out on fortune, they at mercy ly,
And borrow life from an indulgent ſky;
Adopted by the ſun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray;
Unmindful ſhe, that ſome unhappy tread
May cruſh her young in their neglected bed.
What time ſhe skims along the field with ſpeed *,
She ſcorns the rider, and purſuing ſteed ‡.

† There are many inſtances of this bird's ſtupidity; let two ſuffice. Firſt, It covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itſelf all out of ſight.

"Stat lumine clauſo
"Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere
"Quæ non ipſa videt."——— CLAUD.

Secondly, They that go in purſuit of them, draw the ſkin of an oſtrich's neck on one hand, which proves a ſufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have ſo little brain, that Heliogabalus had ſix hundred heads for his ſupper.

Here we may obſerve, that our judicious as well as ſublime author juſt touches the great points of diſtinction in each creature, and then haſtens to another. A deſcription is exact, when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; nor withdraw, but ſomething peculiarly belonging to the thing deſcribed. A likeneſs is loſt in too much deſcription, as a meaning often in too much illuſtration.

* Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion compoſed of both, and, uſing its wings as ſails, makes great ſpeed.

"Vaſta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales
"Cum premitur, calidus curſu tranſmittit arenas,
"Inque modum veli ſinuatis flamine pennis
"Purverulenta volat."——— CLAUD. in Eutr.

‡ Xenophon

How rich the peacock †! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the ſun!
He proudly ſpreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day,
With conſcious ſtate the ſpacious round diſplays,
And ſlowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the hawk to find, in ſeaſons wiſe,
Perpetual ſummer, and a change of skies?
When clouds deform the year, ſhe mounts the wind,
Shoots to the ſouth, nor fears the ſtorms behind;
The ſun returning, ſhe returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Tho' ſtrong the hawk *, tho' practis'd well to fly,
An eagle drops her in a lower sky;
An eagle when, deſerting human ſight,
She ſeeks the ſun in her unweary'd flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and ſeat her on the clift,
Where far above thy world ſhe dwells alone,
And proudly makes the ſtrength of rocks her own;

‡ Xenophon ſays, Cyrus had horſes that could overtake the goat and the wild aſs; but none that could reach this creature. A thouſand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the ſtated price of a horſe that could equal their ſpeed.

† Though this bird is but juſt mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and ſpreading thoſe beautiful plumes (which are there ſhut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumſtance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the ſun, is true. "Expandit colores adverſo "maxime ſole, quia ſic fulgentius radiant." PLIN. l. x. c. 20.

* Thuanus (de Re Accip.) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its ſwiftneſs, made it their ſymbol for the wind; for which reaſon we may ſuppoſe the hawk, as well as the crow above, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread ſurvey †,
And with a glance predeſtinates her prey?
She feaſts her young with blood, and, hov'ring o'er
Th' unſlaughter'd hoſt, enjoys the promis'd gore.
Know'ſt thou how many moons *, by me aſſign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain goat, and foreſt hind,
While pregnant they a mother's load ſuſtain?
They bend in anguiſh, and caſt forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed,
Walk unſuſtain'd, and unaſſiſted feed;
They live at once, forſake the dam's warm ſide,
Take the wide world, with Nature for their guide,
Bound o'er the lawn, or ſeek the diſtant glade,
And find a home in each delightful ſhade.
Will the tall reem, which knows no lord but Me,
Lowe at the crib, and aſk an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn ſhoulder to the yoke,
Break the ſtiff clod, and o'er thy furrow ſmoke?
Since great his ſtrength, go truſt him void of care,
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year,

† The eagle is ſaid to be of ſo acute a ſight, that when ſhe is ſo high in the air that man cannot ſee her, ſhe can diſcern the ſmalleſt fiſh under water. My author accurately underſtood the nature of the creatures he deſcribes, and ſeems to have been a naturaliſt as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

* The meaning of this queſtion is, Knoweſt thou the time and circumſtances of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was eaſy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumſtances had ſomething peculiarly expreſſive of God's providence, which makes the queſtion proper in this place. Pliny obſerves, that the hind with young is by inſtinct directed to a certain herb called Seſelis, which facilitates the birth. Thunder alſo (which looks like the more immediate hand of providence) has the ſame effect. Pſal. xxxix. In ſo early an age to obſerve theſe things, may ſtyle our author a naturaliſt.

Bid him bring home the ſeaſons to thy doors,
And caſt his load among the gather'd ſtores.
Didſt thou from ſervice the wild aſs diſcharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
Thro' the wide waſte his ample manſion roam,
And loſe himſelf in his unbounded home?
By Nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains ſpread:
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He ſees in diſtant ſmoke the city throng;
Conſcious of freedom, ſcorns the ſmoother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the ſervile rein.
Survey the warlike horſe! Didſt thou inveſt
With thunder his rubuſt diſtended cheſt?
No ſenſe of fear his dauntleſs ſoul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his noſtrils blaze:
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulneſs his might;
High rais'd he ſnuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war,
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a ſtorm of fury ſhakes the ground.
How does his firm, his riſing heart advance
Full on the brandiſh'd ſword and ſhaken launce,
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling ſhield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He ſinks the ſenſe of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the ſhaft that trembles in his ſide;
But neighs to the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful blaſt
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his laſt.
But fiercer ſtill the lordly lion ſtalks,
Grimly majeſtic in his lonely walks:
When round he glares, all living creatures fly,
He clears the deſart with his rolling eye.
Say, mortal, does he rouze at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
Doſt thou for him in foreſts bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morſel throw,

Where bent on death ly hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambuſh, pant for blood;
Or ſtretch'd on broken limbs, conſume the day
In darkneſs wrapt, and ſlumber o'er their prey?
By the pale moon they take their deſtin'd round *,
And laſh their ſides, and furious tear their ground:
Now ſhrieks and dying groans the deſart fill;
They rage, they rend, their rav'nous jaws diſtil
With crimſon foam; and when the banquet's o'er,
They ſtride away, and paint their ſteps with gore:
In flight alone the ſhepherd puts his truſt,
And ſhudders at the talon in the duſt.
Mild is my Behemoth, tho' large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repreſs'd his flame,
While unprovok'd: this native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts aſhore for food:
Earth ſinks beneath him as he moves along
To ſeek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See with what ſtrength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof, and ſhut againſt a wound;
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail,
Nor can his complicated ſinews fail:
Built high and wide, his ſolid bones ſurpaſs
The bars of ſteel, his ribs are ribs of braſs;
His port majeſtic, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide foreſt and the mountain law:
The mountains feed him; there the beaſts admire
The mighty ſtranger, and in dread retire;
At length his greatneſs nearer they ſurvey,
Graze in his ſhadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marſhes are his cool retreat,
His noon tide ſhelter from the burning heat;
Their ſedgy boſoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their ſhade:

* Purſuing their prey by night is true of moſt wild beaſts, particularly the lion, Pſal. civ. 20. The Arabians have one among their 500 names for the lion, which ſignifies *The Hunter by Moonſhine.*

His eye drinks Jordan up, when, fir'd with drought,
He truſts to turn its current down his throat;
In leſſen'd waves it creeps along the plain,
He ſinks a river, and he thirſts again *.
Go to the Nile †, and from its fruitful ſide
Caſt forth thy line into the ſwelling tide;
With ſlender hair Leviathan command,
And ſtretch his vaſtneſs on the loaded ſtrand:
Will he become thy ſervant? will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
Or with his ſport amuſe thy leiſure day,
And, bound in ſilk, with thy ſoft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets ſwell with ſuch a prize,
And the bowl journey round his ample ſize?
Or the debating merchants ſhare the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Thro' his firm ſkull what ſteel its way can win?
What forceful engine can ſubdue his ſkin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchleſs might;
The braveſt ſhrink to cowards in his ſight,
The raſheſt dare not rouze him up ‡: Who then
Shall turn on Me, among the ſons of men?

* "Cepheſi glaciale caput quo ſuetus anhelam
"Ferre ſitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto."
STAT. Theb. v. 349.
"Qui ſpiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
"Flumina," &c. CLAUD. pref. in Ruf.
Let not this hyperbole ſeem too much for an eaſtern poet, though ſome commentators of name ſtrain hard in this place for a new conſtruction, through fear of it.

† The taking the crocodile is moſt difficult. Diodorus ſays, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Auguſtus conquered Egypt, he ſtruck a medal, the impreſs of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inſcription, *NEMO ANTEA RELIGAVIT.*

‡ This alludes to a cuſtom of this creature, which is, when ſated with fiſh, to come aſhore and ſleep among the reeds.

Am I a debtor? haſt thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd?
My laviſh fruit a thouſand valleys fills,
And mine the herds that graze a thouſand hills;
Earth, ſea, and air, all nature is my own,
And ſtars, and ſun, are duſt beneath my throne:
And dar'ſt thou with the world's great Father vye,
Thou who doſt tremble at my creature's eye?
At full my huge Leviathan ſhall riſe,
Boaſt all his ſtrength, and ſpread his wondrous ſize.
Who, great in arms, e'er ſtripp'd his ſhining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a ſingle ſcale?
Whoſe heart ſuſtains him to draw near? Behold,
Deſtruction yawns, his ſpacious jaws unfold *,
And, marſhall'd round the wide expanſe, diſcloſe
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either ſide ariſe,
And what a deep abyſs between them lyes?
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plummet ſound,
The one how long, the other how profound.
His bulk is charg'd with ſuch a furious ſoul,
That clouds of ſmoke from his ſpread noſtrils roll
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate iſſues from his jaws in ſtreams of fire ‡;

* The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, ſays Pliny, "ſit totum os." Martial ſays to his old woman,

"Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora
"Niliacus habet crocodilis auguſta."

So that this expreſſion there is barely juſt.

‡ This too is nearer truth than at firſt view may be imagined. The crocodile, ſay the naturaliſts, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath; when it emerges, the breath long repreſſed is hot, and burſts out ſo violently, that it reſembles fire and ſmoke. The horſe ſuppreſſes not his breath by any means ſo long, neither is he ſo fierce or animated; yet the moſt correct of poets ventures to uſe the ſame metaphor concerning him:

The rage of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas,
Thy terror, this thy great Superior pleaſe;
Strength on his ample ſhoulder ſits in ſtate,
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete,
His flakes of ſolid fleſh are ſlow to part,
As ſteel his nerves, as adamant his heart.
When late awak'd he rears him from his floods,
And ſtretching forth his ſtature to the clouds,
Writhes in the ſun aloft his ſcaly height,
And ſtrikes the diſtant hills with tranſient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror ſpread,
The mighty fear, nor bluſh to own their dread.
* Large is his front; and when his burniſh'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning ſeems to riſe.

" Collectumque premens volvit ſub naribus ignem."

By this and the foregoing note I would caution againſt a falſe opinion of the eaſtern boldneſs, from paſſages in them ill underſtood.

* " His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning." I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would expreſs, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians ſtole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this paſſage, though no commentator I have ſeen mentions it. It is eaſy to conceive how the Egyptians ſhould be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moſes, whom I ſuppoſe the author of this poem.

I have obſerved already, that three or four of the creatures here deſcribed are Egyptian: the two laſt are notoriouſly ſo; they are the river-horſe and the crocodile, thoſe celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on theſe two our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moſes, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify the Creator, to have dwelt on the two largeſt works of his hand, *viz.* the elephant and the whale. This is ſo natural an expectation, that ſome commentators have rendered Behemoth and Leviathan, the elephant and whale, though the deſcriptions in our author will not admit of it; but Moſes being (as we may well ſuppoſe)

In vain may death in various ſhapes invade,
The ſwift-wing'd arrow, the deſcending blade;
His naked breaſt their impotence defies,
The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies:
Shut in himſelf, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempeſt of their rattling ſpears;
The cumber'd ſtrand their waſted volleys ſtrow;
His ſport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His paſtimes like a caldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the riſing mud;
The billows feel him as he works his way;
His hoary footſteps ſhine along the ſea;
The foam high-wrought with white divides the green,
And diſtant ſailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her ſpacious face;
Alone in nature ſtands his dauntleſs race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd;
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around,
Makes ev'ry ſwoln diſdainful heart ſubſide,
And holds dominion o'er the ſons of pride.

Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breaſt,
With full conviction of his crime oppreſt:

" Thou can'ſt accompliſh all things, LORD of might!
" And ev'ry thought is naked to thy ſight:
" But oh! thy ways are wonderful, and ly,
" Beyond the deepeſt reach of mortal eye.
" Oft have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r,
" But never ſaw thee till this dreadful hour.
" O'erwhelm'd with ſhame, the LORD of life I ſee,
" Abhor myſelf, and give my ſoul to thee:
" Nor ſhall my weakneſs tempt thine anger more;
" Man is not made to queſtion, but adore."

under an immediate terror of the Hippotamus and Crocodile, from their daily miſchiefs and ravages around them, it is very accountable why he ſhould permit them to take place.

VERSES

Occaſioned by

That famous Piece of the CRUCIFIXION

Done by

MICHAEL ANGELO *.

WHILE his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies:
The daring artiſt, cruelly ſerene,
Views the pale cheek and the diſtorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every ſpirit as it flies:
He ſtudies torment; dives in mortal wo;
To rouſe up ev'ry pang, repeats his blow;
Each riſing agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm tranſplanting to his Saviour's face.
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wond'rous force the magic colours boaſt,
From his own ſkill he ſtarts, in horror loſt.

* Who obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as he pleaſed for this purpoſe. The man being extended, this wonderful artiſt directed that he ſhould be ſtabbed in ſuch parts of the body as he apprehended would occaſion the moſt excruciating torture, that he might repreſent the agonies of death in the moſt natural manner.

ON THE

DEATH of Queen ANNE,

AND THE

ACCESSION of King GEORGE.

Inſcribed to

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices, in the year 1714.

——Gaudia curis. HOR.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, ſought
To eaſe the fulneſs of my grateful thought;
My fame at once and duty to purſue,
And pleaſe the public, by reſpect to YOU.
Tho' you, long ſince beyond Britannia known,
Have ſpread your country's glory with your own;
To me you never did more lovely ſhine,
Than when ſo late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human ſtate.
Tho' you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Tho' rais'd in life, and greatneſs fade away,
Your luſtre brightens: virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and ſparkles near a tomb.

Know, Sir, the great eſteem and honour due,
I choſe, that moment, to profeſs to you,
When ſadneſs reign'd, when fortune ſo ſevere
Had warm'd our boſoms to be moſt ſincere,
And when no motive could have force to raiſe
A ſerious value, and provoke my praiſe,
But ſuch as riſe above and far tranſcend
Whatever glories with this world ſhall end,
Then ſhining forth, when deepeſt ſhades ſhall blot
The ſun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.
I ſing!—But ah! my theme I need not tell!
See ev'ry eye with conſcious ſorrow ſwell:
Who now to verſe would raiſe his humble voice
Can only ſhew his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts ſuſtain!
We languiſh, and to ſpeak is to complain.
Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
That moſt illuſtrious ſcene, for ever new!)
See all the ſeaſons ſhine on Anna's throne,
And pay a conſtant tribute, not their own.
Her ſummer heats nor fruits alone beſtow,
They reap the harveſt, and ſubdue the foe:
And when black ſtorms confeſs the diſtant ſun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her ſummers won.
Revolving pleaſures in their turn appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater ceaſe,
And glorious victory is loſt in peace.
Whence this profuſion on our favour'd iſle?
Did partial fortune on our virtue ſmile?
Or did the ſceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundleſs claim;
The queen and thy good fortune are the ſame.
Hear, with alarms, our trumpets fill the ſky;
'Tis Anna reigns; the Gallic ſquadrons fly.
We ſpread our canvas to the ſouthern ſhore:
'Tis Anna reigns! the South reſigns her ſtore.

Her virtue ſoothes the tumult of the main,
And ſwells the field with mountains of the ſlain;
Argyll and Churchill but the glory ſhare,
While millions ly ſubdu'd by Anna's pray'r.
How great her zeal! how fervent her deſire!
How did her ſoul in holy warmth expire!
Conſtant devotion did her time divide,
Not ſet returns of pleaſure or of pride.
Not want of reſt, or the ſuns parting ray,
But finiſh'd duty, limited the day.
How ſweet ſucceeding ſleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and ſoften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch deſcending angels ſpread,
And join'd their wings, a ſhelter o'er her head.
Tho' Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cauſe reign'd miſtreſs of her heart:
She ſaw, and griev'd, to ſee the mean eſtate
Of thoſe who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She ſhed her bounty piouſly profuſe,
And thought it more her own in ſacred uſe.
Thus on his furrow ſee the tiller ſtand,
And fill with genial ſeed his laviſh hand;
He truſts the kindneſs of the fruitful plain,
And providently ſcatters all his grain.
What ſtrikes my ſight! does proud Auguſta riſe
New to behold, and awfully ſurpriſe?
Her lofty brow more num'rous turrets crown,
And ſacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is ſhown,
And temples caſt a luſtre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raiſe!
But Anna's greatneſs robs her of the praiſe.
Drown'd in a greater blaze it diſappears.
Who dry'd the widow's and the orphan's tears?
Who ſtoop'd from high to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
And reconcile the wounded heart to reſt?
Great in her goodneſs, well could we perceive,
Whoever ſought, it was a Queen that gave.

Misfortune loſt her name; her guiltleſs frown
But made another debtor to the Crown;
And each unfriendly ſtroke from Fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal ſtore.
Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign ſhoot,
And their wounds bloſſom with a fairer fruit.
Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When firſt the dreadful blaſt of fame arriv'd,
Say what a ſhock, what agonies you felt,
How did your ſouls with tender anguiſh melt!
That grief, which living Anna's love ſuppreſs'd,
Shook like a tempeſt every grateful breaſt.
A ſecond fate our ſinking fortunes try'd!
A ſecond time our tender parents dy'd!
Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown:
His ſplendid wealth too raſhly we admire,
Catch the diſeaſe, and burn with equal fire.
Wiſely to ſpend, is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd tranſcends a million ſlain.
When time ſhall aſk, where once Ramilia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that ſwept whole troops away,
One drop of water that refreſh'd the dry,
Shall raiſe a fountain of eternal joy.
But, ah! to that unknown and diſtant date,
Is Virtue's great reward puſh'd off by Fate;
Her random ſhafts in every breaſt are found,
Virtue and Merit but provoke the wound.
Auguſt in native worth, and regal ſtate,
Anna ſat Arbitreſs of Europe's fate;
To diſtant realms did ev'ry accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be ſeen,
How ſmall a ſpot contains the mighty Queen!
No throng of ſuppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatneſs is compos'd in peace:
The broken earth is ſcarce diſcern'd to riſe,
And a ſtone tells us where the monarch lies.

Thus end matureſt honours of a crown!
This is the laſt concluſion of renown!
So when, with idle ſkill, the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube, he ſees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its riſing ſmall,
And, by degrees, expands the glitt'ring ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and ſhines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burſt at once, and diſappear.
'Tis not in ſorrow to reverſe our doom;
No groans unlock th' inexorable doom;
Why then this fond indulgence of our wo!
What fruit can riſe, or what advantage flow!
Yes, this advantage from our deep diſtreſs,
We learn how much in George the gods can bleſs.
Had a leſs glorious princeſs left the throne,
But half the hero had at firſt been ſhown;
An Anna falling, all the King employs,
To vindicate from guilt our riſing joys:
Our joys ariſe, and innocently ſhine,
Auſpicious Monarch! what a praiſe is thine!
Welcome, great ſtranger, to Britannia's throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain!
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With pray'r we ſmooth'd the billows for thy fleet;
With ardent wiſhes fill'd thy ſwelling ſheet;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's ſhore,
We bending bleſs'd the gods, and aſk'd no more.
What hand but thine ſhould conquer, and compoſe,
Join thoſe whom int'reſt joins, and chace our foes?
Repel the daring youth's preſumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatneſs give him fame?
Now in ſome foreign court he may ſit down,
And quit, without a bluſh, the Britiſh crown,
Secure his honour, though he loſe his ſtore,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.

Nor think, great Sir, now firſt, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour you exert your pow'r:
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The num'rous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you chuſe to thunder on the Rhine,
Inſpire grave councils, or in courts to ſhine:
In the more ſcenes your genius was diſplay'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid:
They all conſpir'd this mighty man to raiſe,
And your new ſubjects proudly ſhare the praiſe;

All ſhare; but may not we have leave to boaſt,
That we contemplate and enjoy it moſt?
This ancient nurſe of arts, indulg'd by Fate
On gentle Iſis' bank a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages juſtly fam'd,
Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treaſure to ſupport the throne;
For England's church her lateſt accent ſtrain'd,
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd;
No wonder then her various ranks agree,
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.

What though thy birth a diſtant kingdom boaſt,
And ſeas divide thee from the Britiſh coaſt?
The crown's impatient to incloſe thy head;
Why ſtay thy feet? the cloth of gold is ſpread.
Our ſtrict obedience thro' the world ſhall tell,
That king's a Briton who can govern well.

A LETTER TO Mr TICKELL.

Occaſioned by the

DEATH

Of the Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, Eſq; 1719.

——Tu nunc eris alter ab illo. VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
In ſocial arts and ſacred friendſhip join'd;
Fair Iſis' ſorrow, and fair Iſis' boaſt,
Loſt from her ſide, but fortunately loſt;
Thy wonted aid, my dear companion, bring,
And teach me thy departed friend to ſing.
A darling theme! once pow'rful to inſpire,
And now to melt, the muſes' mournful choir;
Now, and now firſt, we freely dare commend
His modeſt worth, nor ſhall our praiſe offend.
Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And raviſh'd Iſis liſten'd to his ſtrain.
See, ſee, ſhe cry'd, old Maro's muſe appears,
Wak'd from her ſlumber of two thouſand years:
Her finiſh'd charms to Addiſon ſhe brings,
Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers ſings.

All read tranſported his pure claſſic page;
Read, and forget their climate and their age.
The ſtate, when now his riſing fame was known,
Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own;
Nor wou'd that one for ſcenes of action ſtrong,
Shou'd let a life evaporate in ſong.
As health and ſtrength the brighteſt charms diſpenſe,
Wit is the bloſſom of the ſoundeſt ſenſe.
Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inſpir'd,
With quickneſs pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conſcious pride, their own importance find,
Blind to themſelves, as the hard world is blind!
Wit they eſteem a gay, but worthleſs pow'r,
The ſlight amuſement of a leiſure hour;
Unmindful, that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majeſtic wiſdom wears the bright diſguiſe.
Poor Dido fondled thus with idle joy
Dread Cupid lurking in the Trojan boy;
Lightly ſhe toy'd and triſled with his charms,
And knew not that a god was in her arms.
Who greateſt excellence of thought cou'd boaſt,
In action too have been diſtinguiſh'd moſt.
This Somers knew; and Addiſon ſent forth
From the malignant regions of the North,
To be matur'd in more indulgent ſkies,
Where all the vigour of the ſoul can riſe;
Thro' warmer veins where ſprightlier ſpirits run,
And ſenſe enliven'd ſparkles in the ſun.
With ſecret pain the prudent patriot gave
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious the charge to all the ſtars reſign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in ſea and wind.
Auſonia ſoon receiv'd her wond'ring gueſt;
And equal wonder in her turn confeſs'd,
To ſee her fervors rival'd by the pole,
Her luſtre beaming from a northern ſoul:
In like ſurpriſe was her Æneas loſt,
To find his picture grace a foreign coaſt.

Now the wide field of Europe he ſurveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and conſummate thought:
Great work! by Naſſau's favour cheaply bought.
He nows returns to Britain a ſupport,
Wiſe in her ſenate, graceful in her court;
And, when the public welfare would permit,
The ſource of learning, and the ſoul of wit.
O Warwick! (whom the muſe is fond to name,
And kindles, conſcious of her future theme),
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright,
How early didſt thou catch his radiant light!
By him inſpir'd, how ſhine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!
On ſome warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A roſe-bud opens to a ſummer's morn,
Full blown ere noon her fragrant pride diſplays,
And ſhews th' abundance of her purple rays.
Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;
We now ſurpris'd her fruitful branches ſee;
Or, orange-like, till his auſpicious time
It grew indeed, but ſhiver'd in our clime:
He firſt the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd indulgent in a warmer bed.
The nation pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her uſe.
When looſe from public cares the grove he ſought,
And fill'd the leiſure interval with thought,
The various labours of his eaſy page,
A chance amuſement, poliſh'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old bards could ſcarce invent,
Who durſt to frame a world by accident.
What he has ſung, how early, and how well,
The Thames ſhall boaſt, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more ſublime remains in ſtore,
Since ſuch his talents, that he ſung no more.
No fuller proof of pow'r th' Almighty gave,
Making the ſea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of his works tranſcend,
But their fair purpoſe and important end;
To rouze the war for injur'd Europe's laws;
To ſteel the patriot in great Brunſwic's cauſe;
With virtue's charms to kindle ſacred love,
Or paint th' eternal bow'rs of bliſs above.
Where hadſt thou room, great author! where, to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal ſoul? [brought
Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were
Thy proofs ſo ſtrong for immaterial thought?
One let me join, all other may excel;
"How could a mortal eſſence think ſo well?"
But why ſo large in the great writer's praiſe?
More lofty ſubjects ſhould my numbers raiſe:
In him (illuſtrious rivalry!) contend
The ſtateſman, patriot, Chriſtian, and the friend!
His glory ſuch, it borders on diſgrace
To ſay he ſung the beſt of human race.
In joy once join'd, in ſorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell, accept this verſe, thy mournful due:
Thou farther ſhalt the ſacred theme purſue;
And as thy ſtrain deſcribes the matchleſs man,
Thy life ſhall ſecond what thy muſe began.
Tho' ſweet the numbers, tho' a fire divine
Dart thro' the whole, and burn in ev'ry line;
Who ſtrives not for that excellence he draws,
Is ſtain'd by fame, and ſuffers from applauſe.
But haſte to thy illuſtrious taſk; prepare
The noble work well truſted thy care;
The gift bequeathed by Addiſon's command,
To Craggs made ſacred by his dying hand.
Col'ect the labours, join the various rays,
The ſcatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him ſo true, ſo truly lov'd,
In life diſtinguiſh'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a while
In gen'rous anguiſh o'er the glorious pile;

With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What tho' thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend;
Think not, O patriot, while thy eyes o'erflow,
Those cares suspended for a private wo;
Thy love to him is to thy country shown,
He mourns for her who mourns for Addison.

RESIGNATION.

IN

TWO PARTS.

AND, A

POSTSCRIPT

To Mrs B*****.

My ſoul ſhall be ſatisfied even as it were with marrow and fatneſs; when my mouth praiſeth thee with joyful lips.

PSALM lxiii. 6.

RESIGNATION.

IN

TWO PARTS,

AND A

POSTSCRIPT.

To Mrs B——n.

RESIGNATION.

PART I.

THE days how few, how ſhort the years,
Of man's too rapid race;
Each leaving, as it ſwiftly flies,
A ſhorter in its place?

They who the longeſt leaſe enjoy,
Have told us, with a ſigh,
That, to be born, ſeems little more
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth,
With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's deluſions lull'd aſleep,
This weighty truth forget.

And am not I to theſe a-kin?
Age ſlumbers o'er the quill;
Its honour blots whate'er it writes,
And am I writing ſtill?

Conſcious of nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts,
To ſoften cenſure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults,

Permit me, Madam, ere to you
The promis'd verſe I pay,
To touch on felt infirmity,
Sad ſiſter of decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whoſe white hairs and furrow'd brows
Too many ſuns have roll'd.

Happy the patriarch! he rejoic'd
His ſecond world to ſee;
My ſecond world, tho' gay the ſcene,
Can boaſt no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
With deſolation ſpread;
Near all with whom I liv'd, and ſmil'd,
Whilſt life was life, are dead:

And with them died my joys: the grave
Has broken nature's laws;
And clos'd, againſt this feeble frame,
Its partial cruel jaws:

Cruel to ſpare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my ſight;
My weak hand diſobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What ſhall I write? Thalia! tell;
Say, long-abandon'd muſe!
What field of fancy ſhall I range?
What ſubject ſhall I chuſe?

A choice of moment high inſpire,
And reſcue me from ſhame,
For doating on thy charms ſo late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes, which moſt admire,
Which dazzle, or amaze;
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes which, in a world of wo,
Can beſt appeaſe our pain;
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay folly's flood reſtrain;

Amidſt the ſtorms of life ſupport
A calm unſhaken mind;
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the reſign'd.

O RESIGNATION! yet unſung,
Untouch'd by former ſtrains;
Tho' claiming ev'ry muſe's ſmile,
And ev'ry poet's pains;

Beneath life's ev'ning ſolemn ſhade,
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou ſafeſt guard of youth!
Thou ſole ſupport of age!

All other duties creſcents are
Of virtue faintly bright;
The glorious conſummation, thou!
Which fills her orb with light;

How rarely fill'd! The love divine
In evils to diſcern;
This the firſt leſſon which we want,
The lateſt which we learn:

A melancholy truth! For know,
Could our proud hearts *reſign*,
The diſtance greatly would decreaſe
'Twixt human and divine.

But tho' full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To ſoften ſorrow, and forbid
The burſting tear to fall;

The taſk I dread: dare I to leave
Of human proſe the ſhore,
And put to ſea? a dang'rous ſea!
What throngs have ſunk before!

How proud the poet's billows ſwell!
The God! The God! his boaſt;
A boaſt how vain! what wrecks abound!
Dead bards ſtench every coaſt.

What then am I? Shall I preſume,
On ſuch a moulten wing,
Above the general wreck to riſe,
And, in my winter, ſing;

When nightingales, when ſweeteſt bards,
Confine their charming ſong
To ſummer's animating heats,
Content to warble young?

Yet, write I muſt; a lady * ſues;
How ſhameful her requeſt?
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
Her's teeming with the beſt!

But you a ſtranger will excuſe,
Nor ſcorn his feeble ſtrain;
To you a ſtranger, but, through fate,
No ſtranger to your pain.

The ghoſt of grief deceas'd aſcends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His ſorrows are recall'd to life
By thoſe he ſees in you:

Too well he knows the twiſted ſtrings
Of ardent hearts combin'd;
When rent aſunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be reſign'd:

Thoſe tears you pour, his eyes have ſhed;
The pang you feel, he felt;
Thus Nature, loud as Virtue, bids
His heart at your's to melt.

But what can heart, or head, ſuggeſt?
What ſad Experience ſay?
Through truths auſtere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way:

What are we? whence? for what? and whither?
Who know not, needs muſt mourn;
But Thought, bright daughter of the ſkies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable ſhield,
When, ſent by fate, we meet our foes
In ſore Affliction's field;

* Mrs M——.

It plucks the frightful mask from ills;
Forbids pale fear to hide,
Beneath that dark diſguiſe, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail! train'd up by Senſe,
From Reaſon's channel ſtrays;
And whilſt it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous ſtream
From daily-dying flow'rs,
To nouriſh rich, immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bow'rs;

Whence throngs, in ecſtaſy, look down
On what once ſhock'd their ſight;
And thank the terrors of the paſt,
For ages of delight.

All withers here; who moſt poſſeſs
Are loſers by their gain.
Stung by full proof, that, bad at beſt,
Life's idle All is vain:

Vain, in its courſe, life's murm'ring ſtream;
Did not its courſe offend,
But murmur ceaſe; life, then, would ſeem
Still vainer, from its end.

How wretched! who, through cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament,
With the poor alms this world affords,
Deplorably content?

Had not the Greek his world miſtook,
His wiſh had been moſt wiſe;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we ſhould deſpiſe.

Of earth's revenue would you ſtate
A full account, and fair?
We hope; and hope; and hope; then caſt
The total up——deſpair.

Since vain all here, all future, vaſt,
Embrace the lot aſſign'd;
Heav'n wounds to heal; its frowns are fe nds;
Its ſtrokes ſevere, moſt kind.

But in laps'd nature rooted deep,
Blind error domineers;
And on fools errands, in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleaſures overprize:
Theſe oft perſuade us to be weak;
Thoſe urge us to be wiſe.

From virtue's rugged path to right
By pleaſure are we brought
To flow'ry fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault:

Yet whilſt it chides, it ſpeaks of peace,
If folly is withſtood;
And ſays, time pays an eaſy price
For our eternal good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in deluſion great,
What an œconomiſt is man,
To ſpend his whole eſtate,

And beggar an eternity?
For which as he was born,
More worlds than one againſt it weigh'd,
As feathers he ſhould ſcorn.

Say not, your loſs in triumph leads
Religion's feeble ſtrife;
Joys future amply reimburſe
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy ſo long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand
Befriends our preſent ſtate.

What are the tears which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? like pearls of price,
They purchaſe laſting peace.

Grief ſoftens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous paſſion tames,
And keeps inſatiate keen deſire
From launching in extremes.

Thro' time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear ſhould we ſee, the will divine
Has but foreſtall'd our own.

At variance with our future wiſh,
Self-ſever'd, we complain;
If ſo, the wounded, not the wound,
Muſt anſwer for the pain.

The day ſhall come, and ſwift of wing,
Tho' you may think it ſlow,
When, in the liſt of fortune's ſmiles,
You'll enter frowns of wo.

For mark the path of Providence:
This courſe it has purſu'd,
" Pain is the parent, wo the womb,
" Of ſound important good."

Our hearts are faſten'd to this world
By ſtrong and endleſs ties;
And ev'ry ſorrow cuts a ſtring,
And urges us to riſe.

'Twill ſound ſevere——Yet reſt aſſur'd
I'm ſtudious of your peace;
Tho' I ſhould dare to give you joy——
Yes, joy of his deceaſe:

An hour ſhall come (you queſtion this)
An hour, when you ſhall bleſs,
Beyond the brighteſt beams of life,
Dark days of your diſtreſs.

Hear then without ſurpriſe a truth,
A daughter-truth to this,
Swift turns of fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliſs.

Eſteem you this a paradox?
My ſacred motto read;
A glorious truth! divinely ſung
By one whoſe heart had bled.

To Reſignation ſwift he flew:
In her a friend he found;
A friend, which bleſs'd him with a ſmile
When gaſping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our ſabbaths are but few;

To real joy we work our way,
Encountering many a ſhock,
Ere found what truly charms; as found
A Venus in the block.

In ſome diſaſter, ſome ſevere
Appointment for our ſins,
That mother-bleſſing, (not ſo call'd)
True happineſs, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames,
By ſtings of life unvext;
Firſt roſe ſome quarrel with this world,
Then paſſion for the next.

You ſee, then, pangs are parent-pangs,
The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True happineſs on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or thro' time's records run!
And ſay, What is a man unſtruck?
It is a man undone.

This moment, am I deeply ſtung——
My bold pretence is try'd;
When vain man boaſts, Heav'n puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride;

Now need I, madam! your ſupport.—
How exquiſite the ſmart!
How critically tim'd the * news
Which ſtrikes me to the heart!

The pangs of which I ſpoke, I feel:
If worth like thine is born,
O long belov'd! I bleſs the blow,
And triumph, whilſt I mourn.

Nor mourn I long; by grief ſubdu'd
Be reaſon's empire ſhown:
Deep anguiſh comes by Heaven's decree,
Continues by our own;

And when continu'd paſt its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is diſgrace, and, what was fate,
Corrupts into a crime:

And ſhall I, criminally mean,
Myſelf and ſubject wrong?
No: my example ſhall ſupport
The ſubject of my ſong.

Madam! I grant, your loſs is great,
Nor little is your gain:
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain.

When Heaven would kindly ſet us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the moſt effectual means,
And robs us of a FRIEND:

But ſuch a friend!——and ſigh no more?
'Tis prudent; but ſevere:
Heaven aid my weak weakneſs, and I drop
All ſorrow——with this tear.

* The death of Mr Richardſon.

Perhaps your ſettled grief to ſoothe
I ſhould not vainly ſtrive;
But with ſoft balm your pain aſſuage,
Had he been ſtill alive;

Whoſe frequent aid brought kind relief,
In my diſtreſs of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautify'd a fault.

To touch our paſſions' ſecret ſprings,
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In boſoms of the fair;

Nature, which favours to the few
All art beyond imparts,
To him preſented, at his birth,
The key of human hearts:

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle ſmooth addreſs;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbings of diſtreſs.

How'er, proceed I muſt, unbleſs'd
With Eſculapian art:
Know, love ſometimes, miſtaken love!
Plays diſaffection's part:

Nor lands, nor ſeas, nor ſuns, nor ſtars,
Can ſoul from ſoul divide;
They correſpond from diſtant worlds,
Tho' tranſports are deny'd;
Are you not, then, unkindly kind?
Is not your love ſevere?
O! ſtop that cryſtal ſource of wo;
Nor wound him with a tear.

As thoſe above from human bliſs
Receive increaſe of joy;
May not a ſtroke from human wo,
In part, their peace deſtroy?

He lives in thoſe he left;——to what?
Your, now, paternal care:
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will diſcern him there;

In features, not of form alone,
But thoſe, I truſt, of mind,
Auſpicious to the public weal,
And to their fate reſign'd.

Think on the tempeſts he ſuſtain'd;
Revolve his battles won;
And let thoſe propheſy your joy
From ſuch a father's ſon:

Is conſolation what you ſeek?
Fan, then, his martial fire;
And animate to flame the ſparks
Bequeath'd him by his ſire.

As nothing great is born in haſte,
Wiſe Nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may deſcend,
And flouriſh on his brow.

Nor, Madam! be ſurpris'd to hear,
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
(Proud boaſters!) than to you:

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn;
You are a ſoldier, and to fight
Superior battles born;

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood; a banner bright!
High-wav'd o'er all the world.

It, like a ſtreaming meteor, caſts
An univerſal light;
Sheds day, ſheds more, eternal day
On nations whelm'd in night:

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,
Than to ſuſtain the dreadful blow,
When thoſe we love expire?

Go forth a moral Amazon;
Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, tho' coſting dear,
You'll think it cheaply bought:

The paſſive hero, who ſits down
Unactive, and can ſmile
Beneath affliction's galling load,
Out-acts a Cæſar's toil;

The billows ſtain'd by ſlaughter'd foes,
Inferior praiſe afford;
Reaſon's a bloodleſs conqueror,
More glorious than the ſword.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
From ſhooting nations, cauſe
Such ſweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whiſpers of applauſe:

The dear deceas'd ſo fam'd in arms,
With what delight he'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd, twice, by you!

Share his delight; take heed to ſhun
Of boſoms moſt diſeas'd
That odd diſtemper, an abſurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd:

Some ſeem in love with Sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace:
This temper let me juſtly brand,
And ſtamp it with diſgrace:

Sorrow! of horrid parentage!
Thou ſecond-born of hell!
Againſt Heaven's endleſs mercies pour'd
How dar'ſt thou to rebel?

From black and noxious vapours bred,
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of Frenzy's ſelf
By perſeverance brought:

Thy moſt inglorious, coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran;
Smiles, incommunicable ſmiles!
Are radiant marks of man;

They caſt a ſudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face;
And light, in ſons of honeſt joy,
Some beams of Moſes' face.

Is Reſignation's leſſon hard?
Examine, we ſhall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguiſh of the mind.

Reſign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thouſand cares
Devolve on One above;

Who bids us lay our burden down
On his Almighty hands,
Softens our *duty* to *relief*,
To *bleſſing* a *command*.

For joy what cauſe! how ev'ry ſenſe
Is courted from above
The year around, with preſents rich,
The growth of endleſs love!

But moſt o'erlook the bleſſings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapt up in ſenſe,
Their proſpect at the ſun;

From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler ſoul,

Broke looſe from Time's tenacious ties,
And Earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vaſt domain,
And talk with worlds to come:

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run;
And doing nothing for themſelves,
Imagine nothing done:

Fatal miſtake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is ſet down
Amongſt their darkeſt deeds.

Though man ſits ſtill, and takes his eaſe,
GOD is at'work on man;
No means, no moments unemploy'd,
To bleſs him, if he can.

But man conſents not, boldly bent
To faſhion his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late;

Hence loud laments: let me thy cauſe,
Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by Thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine the child:
Love brought it forth; and from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly ſmil'd.

Now, and thro' periods diſtant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heav'n is, and has in travel been,
Its birth the good of man;

Man holds in conſtant ſervice bound
The bluſt'ring winds and ſeas;
Nor ſuns diſdain to travel hard
Their maſter, man, to pleaſe:

To final good the worſt events
Thro' ſecret channels run;
Finiſh for man their deſtin'd courſe,
As 'twas for man begun.

One point (obſerv'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often ſmote, and ſmites
My mind, as demonſtration ſtrong;
That Heaven in man delights:

What's known to man of things unſeen,
Of future worlds or fates?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates:

What's revelation then? a liſt,
An inventory juſt,
Of that poor inſect's goods ſo late
Call'd out of night and duſt.

What various motives to rejoice!
To render joy ſincere,
Has this no weight? Our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow ſphere:

Would we in heav'n new heav'n create,
And double its delight?
A ſmiling world, when heav'n looks down,
How pleaſing in its ſight!

Angels ſtoop forward from their thrones,
To hear its joyful lays;
As incenſe ſweet enjoy, and join,
Its aromatic praiſe.

Have we no cauſe to fear the ſtroke
Of Heav'n's avenging rod,
When we preſume to counteract
A ſympathetic GOD?

If we reſign, our patience makes
His rod an harmleſs wand;
I not, it darts a ſerpent's ſting,
Like that in Moſes' hand;

Like that it ſwallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whoſe baffled arts would boaſt below
Of joys a rival ſpring.

Conſummate love! the liſt how large
Of bleſſings from thy hand?
To baniſh ſorrow, and be bleſs'd,
Is thy ſupreme command.

Are ſuch commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliſs ſhall we complain?
The man who dares to be a wretch,
Deſerves ſtill greater pain:

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The ſunſhine of the ſoul;
Our beſt encomium on the Pow'r
Who ſweetly plans the whole:

Joy is our Eden ſtill poſſeſs'd:
Begone, ignoble grief!
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature our relief;

Relief, for man to that muſt ſtoop,
And his due diſtance know;
Tranſport's the language of the skies,
Content the ſtyle below.

Content is joy; and joy in pain,
Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilſt good preſent we poſſeſs,
More precious we purſue;

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, int'reſt bears,
Which daily ſwells the ſum.

" But how to ſmile; to ſtem the tide
" Of nature in our veins;
" Is it not hard to weep in joy?
" What then to ſmile in pains?

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
And ſtruggles thro' a ſtorm,
Proclaims the mind as great as good,
And bids it doubly charm.

If doubly charming in our ſex,
A ſex by nature bold;
What then in yours? 'Tis di'mond there,
Triumphant o'er our gold.

And ſhould not this complaint repreſs
And check the riſing ſigh?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to ſupply.

Since ſpirits greatly damp'd diſtort
Ideas of delight,
Look thro' the medium of a friend,
To ſet your notions right.

As tears the ſight, grief dims the ſoul;
Its object dark appears;
True friendſhip, like a riſing ſun,
The ſoul's horiſon clears.

A friend's an optic to the mind
With ſorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it ſtrength of ſight to ſee
Redreſs unſeen before.

Reaſon is ſomewhat rough in man;
Extremely ſmooth and fair,
When ſhe, to grace her manly ſtrength,
Aſſumes a female air.

* A friend you have, and I the ſame,
Whoſe prudent, ſoft addreſs,
Will bring to life thoſe healing thoughts,
Which dy'd in your diſtreſs:

That friend the ſpirit of my theme
Extracting for your eaſe,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common; ſuch as theſe;

* Mrs M——

Let thoſe lament, to whom full bowls
Of ſparkling joys are giv'n;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heav'n:

Wo to the ſoul at perfect eaſe!
'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd reaſon ſleeps, the pulſe is king;
Deſpotic body reigns:

Have you ne'er pity'd joy's gay ſcenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas! poor Envy! ſhe's ſtone-blind,
And quite miſtakes her mark:

Her mark lies hid in ſorrow's ſhades,
But ſorrow well ſubdu'd;
And in proud Fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good,

By Reſignation; all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to heav'n, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind:

On pillows void of down, for reſt
Our reſtleſs hopes we place;
When hopes of heav'n lie warm at heart,
Our hearts repoſe in peace:

That peace, which Reſignation yields,
Who feel alone can gueſs;
'Tis diſbeliev'd by murm'ring minds,
They muſt conclude it leſs:

The loſs, or gain, of that alone
Have we to hope, or fear;
That fate controuls, and can invert
The ſeaſons of the year:

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind;
Thro' clowds, and ſtorms, a ſummer breaks,
To ſhine on the reſign'd:

While man, by that, of ev'ry grace
And virtue is poſſeſs'd;
Foul vice her pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breaſt.

By Reſignation we defeat
The worſt that can annoy;
And ſuffer, with far more repoſe
Than worldlings can enjoy.

From ſmall experience this I ſpeak;
O grant to thoſe I love,
Experience fuller far, ye pow'rs
Who form our fates above!

My love where due, if not to thoſe
Who, leaving grandeur, came
To ſhine on age in mean receſs,
And light me to my theme?

A theme themſelves! a theme how rare!
The charms, which they diſplay,
To triumph over captive-heads,
Are ſet in bright array:

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boaſted laurels die;
Learning and genius, wiſer grown,
To female boſoms fly.

This revolution, fix'd by fate,
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold.

But as thoſe ladies * works I read,
They darted ſuch a ray,
The latent ſenſe burſt out at once,
And ſhone in open day:

So burſt full ripe diſtended fruits,
When ſtrongly ſtrikes the ſun;
And from the purple grape unpreſs'd,
Spontaneous nectars run.

* Mrs M——, Mrs C——.

Pallas, ('tis ſaid), when Jove grew dull,
Forſook his drowſy brain;
And ſprightly leap'd into the throne
Of wiſdom's brighter reign;

Her helmet took; that is, ſhot rays
Of formidable wit;
And launce,——or genius moſt acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

And Gorgon ſhield,——or, pow'r to fright
Man's folly, dreadful ſhone;
And many a blockhead (eaſy change!)
Turn'd inſtantly to ſtone.

Our authors male, as then did Jove,
Now ſcratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddeſs fled.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd in by ſurly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free:

In Eve (we know) of fruit ſo fair
The noble thirſt began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man:

And ſince of genius in our ſex,
O Addiſon! with thee
The ſun is ſet, how I rejoice
This ſiſter lamp to ſee!

It ſheds, like Cynthia, ſilver beams
On man's nocturnal ſtate;
His leſſen'd light, and languid pow'rs,
I ſhow, whilſt I relate.

PART II.

BUT what in either ſex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns?
" In ruffling ſeaſons to be calm,
" And ſmile while fortune frowns."

Heav'n's choice is ſafer than our own;
Of ages paſt inquire,
What the moſt formidable fate?
" To have our own deſire."

If, in your wrath, the worſt of foes
You wiſh extremely ill;
Expoſe him to the thunder's ſtroke,
Or that of his own will.

What numbers ruſhing down the ſteep
Of inclination ſtrong,
Have periſh'd in their ardent wiſh!
Wiſh ardent, ever wrong!

'Tis Reſignation's full reverſe,
Moſt wrong, as it implies
Error moſt fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the ſkies.

By cloſing with the ſkies, we make
Omnipotence our own;
That done, how formidable ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown!

No longer impotent and frail,
Ourſelves above we riſe:
We ſcarce believe ourſelves below!
We treſpaſs on the ſkies!

The Lord and Soul and Source of all,
Whilſt man enjoys his eaſe,
Is executing human will,
In earth, and air, and ſeas.

Beyond us, what can angels boaſt?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as——we deſire.

What glory this for man ſo mean,
Whoſe life is but a ſpan?
This is meridian majeſty!
This, the ſublime of man!

Beyond the boaſt of pagan ſong
My ſacred ſubject ſhines;
And for a foil the luſtre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

"All, that the ſun ſurveys, ſubdu'd,
"But Cato's mighty mind"——
How grand! moſt true; yet far beneath
The ſoul of the reſign'd.

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To paſſion that gives law;
Its matchleſs empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe:

That fatal pride, whoſe cruel point
Tranſfix'd his noble breaſt;
Far nobler! if his fate ſuſtain'd
Had left to Heaven the reſt:

Then he the palm had borne away,
At diſtance Cæſar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the ſkies his own.

What cannot Reſignation do?
It wonders can perform:
That pow'rful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudeſt ſtorm.

Come, Reſignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, bleſs'd martyrs' ſouls
Aſcended to their King.

Who is it calls thee? One whoſe need
Tranſcends the common ſize;
Who ſtands in front againſt a foe
To which none equal riſe:

In front he ſtands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal ſtate;
How dreadful his appointed poſt!
How ſtrongly arm'd by fate

His threat'ning foe! what ſhadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremenduous!——at fourſcore
My ſole aſylum, thou.

Haſte then, O Reſignation! haſte,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to ſmile.

O for that ſummit of my wiſh,
Whilſt here I draw my breath,
That promiſe of eternal life,
A glorious ſmile in death!

What ſight, heav'n's azure arch beneath,
Hath moſt of heav'n to boaſt?
The man reſign'd; at once ſerene,
And giving up the ghoſt.

At Death's arrival they ſhall ſmile,
Who, not in life o'er-gay,
Serious and frequent thought ſend out
To meet him in his way.

My gay coevals! (ſuch there are),
If happineſs is dear;
Approaching death's alarming day
Diſcreetly let us fear.

The fear of death is truly wiſe,
Till wiſdom can riſe higher;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death, dreaded once, deſire.

Grand climacteric vanities
The vaineſt will deſpiſe;
Shock'd when, beneath the ſnow of age,
Man immaturely dies.

But am not I myſelf the man?
No need abroad to roam
In queſt of faults to be chaſtis'd;
What cauſe to bluſh at home!

In life's decline, when men relapſe
Into the ſports of youth,
The ſecond child out-fools the firſt,
And tempts the laſh of truth.

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to ſing,
And ape the poet's rage?

Here, Madam! let me viſit one,
My fault who partly ſhares,
And tell myſelf, by telling him,
What more becomes our years;

And if your breaſt with prudent zeal
For Reſignation glows,
You will not diſapprove a juſt
Reſentment at its foes.

In youth, V—taire! our foibles plead
For ſome indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too.

How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By Nature's law, a mind diſcreet,
For joys it takes away.

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reverſing human lot;
In age 'tis honour to ly hid,
'Tis praiſe to be forgot:

The wiſe, as flow'rs, which ſpread at noon,
And all their charms expoſe,
When ev'ning damps and ſhades deſcend,
Their evolutions cloſe.

What tho' your muſe has nobly ſoar'd,
Is that our true ſublime?
Ours, hoary friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time:

Why cloſe a life, ſo juſtly fam'd,
With ſuch bold traſh as this *?
This for renown? yes, ſuch as makes
Obſcurity a bliſs.

Your traſh, with mine at open war,
Is obſtinately bent †,
Like wits below, to ſow your tares
Of gloom and diſcontent.

With ſo much ſunſhine at command,
Why light with darkneſs mix?
Why daſh with pain our pleaſure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant paſſions raiſe,
Confound us with a double ſtroke,
We ſhudder, whilſt we praiſe:

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inſpire,
From a black bag of poiſon ſpun,
With horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a diſdainful air,
I can't forgive ſo great a foe
To my dear friend V——taire.

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praiſe him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate:

* Candide. † Second Part.

A fate how much to be deplor'd,
At which our Nature ſtarts!
Forbear to fall on your own ſword,
To periſh by your parts.

"But great your name"—To feed on air
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the ſcorn.

Can fame your carcaſe from the worm
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or ſoul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe, ſave?

But fame you loſe; good ſenſe alone
Your idol, praiſe can claim;
When wild wit murders happineſs,
It puts to death our fame.

Nor boaſt your genius; talents bright
Ev'n dunces will deſpiſe,
If in your weſtern beams is miſs'd
A genius for the ſkies.

Your taſte too fails: what moſt excels,
True taſte muſt reliſh moſt;
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudeſt laurels boaſt?

Sound heads ſalvation's helmet * ſeek;
Reſplendent are its rays:
Let that ſuffice; it needs no plume
Of ſublunary praiſe.

May this enable couch'd V—taire
To ſee that—All is right †,
His eye, by flaſh of wit ſtruck blind,
Reſtoring to its ſight.

If ſo, all's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiv'n;
I ſpeak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
"V—taires are, now, in heav'n."

* Eph. vi. 17. † Which his romance ridicules.

Nay, ſuch philanthropy divine,
So boundleſs in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop moſt profound!) to me.

Let others cruel ſtars arraign,
Or dwell on their diſtreſs;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart expreſs.

Walking, the preſent God was ſeen,
Of old, in Eden fair:
The God as preſent, by plain ſteps
Of providential care,

I behold paſſing through my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conſcious of my nakedneſs,
Would hide myſelf for fear:

But where the trees, or where the clouds
Can cover from his ſight?
Naked the centre to that eye,
To which the ſun is night.

As yonder glitt'ring lamps on high
Through night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of Him by whom they ſhine,
Chace darkneſs from my ſoul;

My ſoul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuſcript
Of ſun, and moon, and ſtars;

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vaſt machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my ſmall world within;

A world that ſhall ſurvive the fall
Of all his wonders here;
Survive, when ſuns ten thouſand drop,
And leave a darken'd ſphere.

Yon matter groſs, how bright it ſhines!
For time how great his care!
Sure ſpirit and eternity
Far richer glories ſhare.

Let thoſe our hearts impreſs, on thoſe
Our contemplation dwell;
On thoſe my thoughts how juſtly thrown,
By what I now ſhall tell?

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myſelf beyond
Propitious to my peace:

Through all the crooked paths I trod,
My folly he purſu'd;
My heart aſtray, to quick return
Importunately woo'd:

Due Reſignation home to preſs
On my capricious will,
How many reſcues did I meet,
Beneath the maſk of ill!

How many foes in ambuſh laid
Beneath my ſoul's deſire!
The deepeſt penitents are made
By what we moſt admire.

Have I not ſometimes, (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the ſummit of my wiſh,
Profoundly plung'd in wo?

I rarely plann'd; but cauſe I found
My plan's defeat to bleſs:
Oft I lamented an event;
It turn'd to my ſucceſs:

By ſharpen'd appetite to give
To good intenſe delight,
Through dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path,
Which you are treading now?
The path moſt gloomy leads to light,
When our proud paſſions bow:

When lab'ring under fancy'd ill,
My ſpirits to ſuſtain,
He kindly cur'd with ſov'reign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

Pain'd Senſe from Fancy's tyranny
Alone can ſet us free:
A thouſand miſeries we feel,
'Till ſunk in miſery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wiſh,
Our wiſh we reliſh leſs:
Succeſs, a ſort of ſuicide,
Is ruin'd by ſucceſs.

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid Terror whiſper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to ſave.

To raiſe my thoughts beyond where worlds
As ſpangles o'er us ſhine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My ſoul's delight reſign.

We to ourſelves, but through the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you deſcry
No features of your own?

And if you can, let that excuſe
Theſe ſelf-recording lines;
A record modeſty forbids,
Or to ſmall bound confines.

In grief why deep ingulph'd? You ſee
You ſuffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate?
That wiſdom cannot bear.

When ſtreams flow backward to their ſource,
And humbled flames deſcend,
And mountains wing'd ſhall fly aloft,
Then human ſorrows end:

But human prudence too muſt ceaſe,
When ſorrows domineer,
When fortitude has loſt its fire,
And freezes into fear:

The pang moſt poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I ſee a fair creation riſe
From Chaos and old Night:

From what ſeem'd horror and deſpair,
The richeſt harveſt roſe;
And gave me in the nod divine
An abſolute repoſe.

Of all the blunders of mankind,
More groſs, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy miſplac'd
Eternally are ſhown.

But whither points all this parade?
It ſays, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you ſhould greatly prize:

Of ſelf-peruſal, ſcience rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, ſelf-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain.

Self-knowledge, which from heav'n itſelf
(So ſages tell us) came,
What is it, but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

Unletter'd and untravel'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they conſult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your boſom; there you'll find
A revelation new,
A revelation perſonal,
Which none can read but you:
There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
To freſh remembrance brought,
A mighty Being! and in him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, ſpouſe; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end,
Who ſuch a matchleſs friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part:
As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large cluſters big with wine,
We ſcarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.
My ſhort advice to you may ſound
Obſcure, or ſomewhat odd,
Tho' 'tis the beſt that man can give,
"Ev'n be content with GOD."
Thro' love, he gave you the deceas'd;
Thro' greater, took him hence:
This reaſon fully could evince,
Tho' murmur'd at by ſenſe.
This Friend, far paſt the kindeſt kind,
Is paſt the greateſt great;
His greatneſs let me touch in points
Not foreign to your ſtate:
His eye, this inſtant, reads your heart
A truth leſs obvious hear,
This inſtant its moſt ſecret thoughts
Are ſounding in his ear:

Diſpute you this? O ſtand in awe,
And ceaſe your ſorrow; know,
That tear now trickling down, he ſaw
Ten thouſand years ago;
And twice ten thouſand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To reaſon's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a ſmile;
A ſmile which thro' eternity
Diffuſes ſo bright rays,
The dimmeſt deifies ev'n guilt,
If guilt at laſt obeys:
Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When ſuch a Sov'reign reigns)
Your guilt diminiſh; peace purſue;
How glorious peace in pains!
Here, then, your ſorrows ceaſe; if not,
Think how unhappy they,
Who guilt increaſe by ſtreaming tears,
Which ſhould guilt waſh away.
Of tears that guſh profuſe reſtrain;
Whence burſt the diſmal ſighs?
They from the throbbing breaſt of one
(Strange truth!) moſt happy riſe:
Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger ſhare
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of GOD's impartial care:
Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as abſolute,
As all had been but one.
And is he then ſo near? ſo kind?——
How little then, and great,
That riddle, Man? O let me gaze
At wonders in his fate!

His fate, who yeſterday did crawl
A worm from darkneſs deep,
And ſhall, with brother-worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow ſleep:

How mean!—and yet, if well obey'd
His Mighty maſter's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too ſmall:

Too ſmall the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the duſt!
Account amazing! yet moſt true;
My ſong is bold, yet juſt.

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can deſtroy
The pow'r in exquiſite extremes
To ſuffer, or enjoy;

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd, and undone!
Impriſon'd in unbounded ſpace!
Benighted by the ſun!

For what's the ſun's meridian blaze
To the moſt feeble ray
Which glimmers from the diſtant dawn
Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here, the vain to pleaſe;
The mind moſt ſober kindles moſt
At truths ſublime as theſe.

They warm ev'n me.——I dare not ſay,
Divine ambition ſtrove
Not to bleſs only, but confound,
Nay fright us with its love;

And yet ſo frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd ſun and riſing dead,
So formidably ſpoke?

And are we darker than that ſun?
Than rocks more hard, and blind?
We are;—if not to ſuch a God
In agonies reſign'd.

Yea, even in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty love;
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above.

What moſt embitters time, that moſt
Eternity endears;
And thus by plunging in diſtreſs,
Exalts us to the ſpheres;

Joy's fountain-head! where bliſs o'er bliſs,
O'er wonders wonders riſe,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wiſe;

Ambroſial banquet! rich in wines
Nectareous to the ſoul!
What tranſports ſparkle from the ſtream,
As angels fill the bowl!

Fountain profuſe of ev'ry bliſs!
Good-will immenſe prevails:
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They aſk a drop, how deep the ſea?
One ſand, how wide the ſhore?

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!
The thouſandth part who comprehends,
A deity is he.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is ſown!
How tubes aſtoniſh us with thoſe
More deep in ether thrown!

And thoſe beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?
In lieu of anſwer, let us all
Fall proſtrate and adore.

Since Thou art infinite in pow'r,
Nor thy indulgence leſs;
Since man, quite impotent, and blind,
Oft drops into diſtreſs;

Say, what is Reſignation? 'Tis
Man's weakneſs underſtood;
And wiſdom graſping, with an hand
Far ſtronger, every good.

Let raſh repiners ſtand appal'd,
In thee who dare not truſt;
Whoſe abject ſouls, like demons dark,
Are murm'ring in the duſt:

For man to murmur or repine
At what by Thee is done,
No leſs abſurd than to complain
Of darkneſs in the ſun.

Who would not, with an heart at eaſe,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wiſdom and goodneſs at the helm,
The rougheſt ocean plough?

What tho' I'm ſwallow'd in the deep?
Tho' mountains o'er me roar?
JEHOVAH reigns! as Jonah ſafe
I'm landed, and adore.

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its moſt tremendous form:
Roar, waves! rage, winds! I know, that thou
Canſt ſave me by a ſtorm.

From thee immortal ſpirits born,
To thee their Fountain flow,
If wiſe; as curl'd around to theirs
Meandring ſtreams below.

Not leſs compell'd by Reaſon's call,
To thee our ſouls aſpire,
Than to thy ſkies, by Nature's law,
High mounts material fire:

To thee aſpiring they exult;
I feel my ſpirits riſe,
I feel myſelf thy ſon, and pant
For patrimonial ſkies.

Since ardent thirſt of future good,
And gen'rous ſenſe of paſt,
To thee man's prudence ſtrongly ties,
And binds affection faſt;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wiſeſt blind,
And bliſs our aim; pronounce us all
Diſtracted, or reſign'd:

Reſign'd thro' duty, int'reſt, ſhame;
Deep ſhame! dare I complain,
When (wond'rous truth!) in heav'n itſelf
Joy ow'd its birth to pain?

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl;
And ſhall one drop, to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty ſoul?

If pardon'd this, what cauſe, what crime
Can indignation raiſe?
The ſun was lighted up to ſhine,
And man was born to praiſe:

And when to praiſe thee man ſhall ceaſe,
Or ſun to ſtrike the view;
A cloud diſhonours both, but man's
The blacker of the two:

For oh! ingratitude how black!
With moſt profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
Aſtoniſh'd angels gaze.

Praiſe cheers, and warms, like gen'rous wine;
Praiſe, more divine than pray'r:
Pray'r points our ready path to heav'n;
Praiſe is already there.

Let plauſive Reſignation riſe,
And baniſh all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finiſhes the ſaint;

Makes the man bleſs'd, as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams thro' Fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our ſun by night.

'Tis Nature's brighteſt ornament,
The richeſt gift of grace,
Rival of angels, and ſupreme
Proprietor of peace:

Nay, peace beyond, no ſmall degree
Of rapture 'twill impart;
Know, Madam! "when your heart's in heav'n,
"All heav'n is in your heart."

But who to heav'n their hearts can raiſe?
Deny'd divine ſupport,
All virtue dies; ſupport divine
The wiſe with ardor court:

When pray'r partakes the ſeraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Burſts thro' heav'n's cryſtal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its King.

The lab'ring ſoul from ſore diſtreſs
That bleſs'd expedient frees:
I ſee you far advanc'd in peace;
I ſee you on your knees:

How on that poſture has the beam
Divine for ever ſhone?
An humble heart, GOD's * other ſeat!
The rival of his throne,

* Iſaiah lvii. 15.

And ſtoops Omnipotence ſo low?
  And condeſcends to dwell
Eternity's inhabitant,
  Well-pleas'd, in ſuch a cell?

Such honour how ſhall we repay?
  How treat our Gueſt Divine?—
The ſacrifice ſupreme be ſlain!
  Let ſelf-will die: Reſign.

Thus far, at large, on our diſeaſe;
  Now, let the cauſe be ſhown,
Whence riſes, and will ever riſe,
  The diſmal human groan.

What our ſole fountain of diſtreſs?
  Strong paſſion for this ſcene;
That trifles makes important, things
  Of mighty moment mean.

When earth's dark maxims poiſon ſhed
  On our polluted ſouls,
Our hearts and int'reſts fly as far
  Aſunder as the poles;

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,
  Unkown their royal race,
With abject aims and ſordid joys
  Our grandeur we diſgrace.

O for an Archimedes new,
  Of moral pow'rs poſſeſs'd
The world to move, and quite expel
  That traitor from the breaſt!

No ſmall advantage may be reap'd
  From thought whence we deſcend;
From weighing well, and prizing, weigh'd,
  Our origin and end:

From far above the glorious ſun
  To this dim ſcene we came;
And may, if wiſe, for ever baſk
  In great JEHOVAH's beam;

Let that bright beam on reaſon rouz'd
In awful luſtre riſe,
Earth's giant ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all diſquiet dies:

Earth's glories too their ſplendor loſe,
Thoſe phantoms charm no more;
Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor:

Then level'd quite, whilſt yet alive,
The monarch and his ſlave;
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That leſſon from the grave;

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boaſt of glory more
Than ſparkles from a crown.

When human glory riſes high
As human glory can;
When, though the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man:

The man is dead, where virtue fails;
And though the monarch proud
In grandeur ſhines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy ſhroud.

Wiſdom! where art thou? None on earth,
Though graſping wealth, fame, pow'r,
But what, O Death! through thy approach,
Is wiſer every hour.

Approach how ſwift! how unconfin'd!
Worms feaſt on viands rare;
Thoſe little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare.

From kings what reſignation due
To that Almighty Will,
Which thrones beſtows; and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher ſtill!

Who truly great? the good, and brave,
The maſters of a mind
The will divine to do reſolv'd;
To ſuffer it, reſign'd.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a ſolemn ſcene,
The border of the grave;

Where ſtrongly ſtrikes the trembling ſoul
Eternity's dread pow'r.
As burſting on it through the thin
Partition of an hour.

Hear this, V—taire! but this from me
Runs hazard of your frown:
However, ſpare it; ere you die,
Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourſelf, forbear
My notions to chaſtiſe,
Leſt unawares the gay V—taire
Should blame V—taire the wiſe:

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
Now makes us diſagree;
When a far louder trumpet ſounds,
V—taire will cloſe with me!

How ſhocking is that modeſty,
Which keepsſ ome honeſt men
From urging what their hearts ſuggeſt,
When brav'd by folly's pen,

Aſſaulting truths, of which in all
Is ſown the ſacred ſeed!
Our conſtitution's orthodox,
And cloſes with our creed.

What then are they, whoſe proud conceits
Superior wiſdom boaſt?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be loſt.

Tho' Vice by no ſuperior joys
  Her heroes keeps in pay;
Thro' pure diſintereſted love
  Of ruin, they obey;
Strict their devotion to the wrong,
  Tho' tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
  A magazine of lies,
From Fancy's forge: gay Fancy ſmiles
  At Reaſon plain and cool;
Fancy, whoſe curious trade it is
  To make the fineſt fool.
V—taire! long life's the greateſt curſe
  That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
  Of living is to live;
Quite thoughtleſs of their day of death,
  That birth-day of their ſorrow;
Knowing it may be diſtant far,
  Nor cruſh them till—to-morrow.
Theſe are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
  Beneath an humble cot;
Not mine your genius, or your ſtate,
  No caſtle * is my lot:
But ſoon, quite level ſhall we ly;
  And what pride moſt bemoans,
Our parts, in rank ſo diſtant now,
  As level as our bones.
Hear you that ſound? alarming ſound!
  Prepare to meet your fate!
One, who writes *finis* to our works,
  Is knocking at the gate:
Far other works will ſoon be weigh'd;
  Far other judges ſit;
Far other crowns be loſt, or won,
  Than fire ambitious wit:

* Letter to Lord Lyttleton.

Their wit far brighteſt will be prov'd,
Who ſunk it in good ſenſe,
And veneration moſt profound
Of dread Omnipotence.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of bleſt eternity;
O may'ſt thou never, never loſe
That more than golden key *!

Whate'er may ſeem too rough, excuſe;
Your good I have at heart:
Since from my ſoul I wiſh you well,
As yet we muſt not part:

Shall you and I, in love with life,
Life's future ſchemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjuſt,
That we are ſtill alive?

What have we left? how mean in man
A ſhadow's ſhade to crave?
When life, ſo vain! is vainer ſtill,
'Tis time to take our leave:

Happier, than happieſt life, his death,
Who, falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes VICI on his ſhield;

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize,
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Deſcends into the ſkies.

O how diſorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix!
When nature ſtrikes no leſs than twelve,
And folly points at ſix!

To mend the movements of your heart,
How great is my delight!
Gently to wind your morals up,
And ſet your hand aright!

* Alluding to Pruſſia.

That hand, which ſpread your wiſdom wide
To poiſon diſtant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age
Your antidote demands.

To Satan dreadfully reſign'd
Whole herds ruſh down the ſteep
Of folly, by lewd wits poſſeſs'd,
And periſh in the deep.

Mens praiſe your vanity purſues:
'Tis well, purſue it ſtill;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll reſign the will:

And how ſuperior they to thoſe
At whoſe applauſe you aim,
How very far ſuperior they
In number, and in name!

POSTSCRIPT.

THUS have I written, when to write
No mortal ſhould preſume;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb.

The public frowns, and cenſures loud
My puerile employ:
Though juſt the cenſure, if you ſmile,
The ſcandal I enjoy;

But ſing no more—no more I ſing,
Or reaſſume the lyre,
Unleſs vouchſaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir.

What myriads ſwell the concert loud!
Their golden harps reſound
High as the footſtool of the Throne,
And deep as hell profound:

Hell (horrid contraſt!) chord and ſong
Of raptur'd angels drowns
In ſelf-will's peal of blaſphemies,
And hideous burſt of groans;

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to ſpeak)
From echoing pole to pole!

Whilſt this grand chorus ſhakes the ſkies—
"Above, beneath the ſun,
"Thro' boundleſs age, by men, by gods,
"JEHOVAH'S will be done."

'Tis done in heav'n; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will, with Satan, fell;
And muſt from earth be baniſh'd too,
Or earth's another hell.

Madam! ſelf-will inflicts your pains;
Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the diſmal ſhades,
And points the ſhafts of wo.

Your debt to nature fully paid,
Now virtue claims her due;
But virtue's cauſe I need not plead,
'Tis ſafe; I write to you:

You know, that virtue's baſis lyes
In ever judging right;
And wiping error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental ſight.

Why mourn the dead? You wrong the grave,
From ſtorm that ſafe reſort;
We are ſtill toſſing out at ſea,
Our admiral in port.

Was death deny'd, this world a ſcene
How diſmal and forlorn!
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
A bleſſing to be born.

When every other bleſſing fails,
Or ſapp'd by ſlow decay,
Or ſtorm'd by ſudden blaſts of fate,
Is ſwiftly hurl'd away;

How happy! that no ſtorm, or time,
Of death can rob the juſt!
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the duſt!

Well-pleas'd to bear heav'n's darkeſt frown,
Your utmoſt pow'r employ;
'Tis noble chymiſtry to turn
Neceſſity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate ſhall be my choice.
Determin'd am I, whilſt I breathe,
To praiſe and to rejoice;

What ample cauſe! Triumphant hope!
O rich Eternity!
I ſtart not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpſe of thee.

And thou! its great inhabitant!
How glorious doſt thou ſhine!
And dart thro' ſorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine:

The void of joy (with ſome concern
The truth ſevere I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel.

Weigh this, ye pupils of V—taire!
From joyleſs murmur free;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

Reſign, reſign: this leſſon none
Too deeply can inſtill;
A crown has been reſign'd by more,
Than have reſign'd the will;

Tho' will reſign'd the meaneſt makes
  Superior in renown,
And richer in celeſtial eyes,
  Than he who wears a crown:

Hence in the boſom of cold age
  Is kindled a ſtrange aim
To ſhine in ſong; and bid me boaſt
  The grandeur of my theme:

But oh! how far preſumption falls
  Its lofty theme below!
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
  And numbers ceaſe to flow.

Firſt! Greateſt! Beſt! grant what I wrote
  For others, ne'er may riſe
To brand the writer; Thou alone
  Canſt make our wiſdom wiſe;

And how unwiſe, how deep in guilt,
  How infamous the fault,
" A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
  " In deed beneath the taught!"

Means moſt infallible to make
  The world an infidel,
And with inſtructions moſt divine
  To pave a path to hell.

O for a clean and ardent heart!
  O for a ſoul on fire!
Thy praiſe, begun on earth, to ſound
  Where angels ſtring the lyre!

How cold is man! to him how hard
  (Hard what moſt eaſy ſeems)
" To ſet a juſt eſteem on that,
  " Which yet he——moſt eſteems."

What ſhall we ſay, when boundleſs bliſs
  Is offer'd to mankind,
And to that offer when a race
  Of rationals is blind?

Of human nature, ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit, ne'er too low
Depreſs'd the daring thought.

END of the FOURTH VOLUME.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
63
MAY